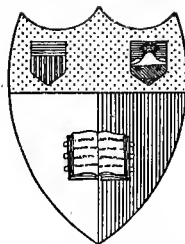




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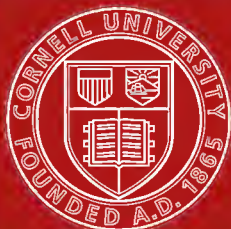
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Being the Works of Shakespeare in the
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late
W. G. Boswell-Stone.



THE MERRY WIUES OF WINDSOR

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt.

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE
FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY, ETC.
FELLOW OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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The Merry Wives of Windsor

INTRODUCTION.

DATE

THE exact date of composition of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* has been the subject of much discussion. It was first entered in the Stationers' Register on January 18, 1601-2, which forms a downward limit, but practically all who have interested themselves have agreed that it was written at least as early as Christmas 1599. The evidence is exceedingly meagre, and consists chiefly in two traditions of a somewhat shadowy nature. The first of these is the well-known one that Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the character of Falstaff that her royal mandate was given to Shakespeare to write a play showing the fat knight in love, and that in response this comedy was written in the short space of fourteen days. From what we know of the character of good Queen Bess, there is, perhaps, an inherent probability in this, but the first reference to the story occurs over a hundred years after the event, when Pope's adversary, John Dennis, alluded to it in a preface to his own work, *The Comical Gallant*, an 'improved' version of the *Merry Wives*, and it is also brought forward by Gildon a few years later in a short biography of Shakespeare. This has been generally accepted, and the laying of the scene at Windsor, and certain lines in the fairy-scenes of the last act, lend a certain, if not very tangible, support to it. Mainly on the strength of this evidence, it has been thought necessary to throw back the date as near as possible to the first appearance of the two Falstaffian plays, *Henry IV*, Pt. 1 and Pt. 2, on the ground that the declining years of the Queen were marked by an entire lack of participation in amusement; this argument loses its force, however, when it

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

is remembered that Elizabeth enjoyed dancing till within two or three years of her death.

According to this theory the play must have followed very closely on 2 *Henry IV*, in which a promise is made of continuing the play with Sir John in it; or *Henry V*, in which Falstaff's death is reported. It is noteworthy that on the title page of the first Quarto special mention is made of Corporal Nym, whose part in the *Merry Wives* is confined to a few lines; and it is difficult to account for this—or even for his introduction into the play—except on the ground that he was a known character. There is, perhaps, plausibility in the suggestion of Dr. Johnson that the public disappointment occasioned by the non-appearance of Falstaff in *Henry V* found its echo in the royal command.

On these grounds it may be said that the probability is that the *Merry Wives* followed *Henry V*; the argument that the death of Falstaff in the latter work would preclude his revival in a play of which the time is clearly intended to be while Henry V was still the 'madcap Prince of Wales' seems totally invalid. Accepting this, the latter part of 1599 may be set down as the probable date of composition.

The tradition that Shallow was a caricature of Lucy has received acceptance from many commentators; nothing that is known of Lucy's character would justify us in believing that the immortal Justice was a full-length portrait of Shakespeare's reputed old enemy; but 'the dozen white luses,' the deer-stealing and Shallow's exaggerated anger at the incident, and Falstaff's summary, 'Twere better for you it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at,' suggest irresistibly that Lucy's behaviour is satirically referred to in this scene. As Sir Thomas Lucy died in July 1600 it is obviously improbable that the play was composed after this date, if this tradition is to be accepted in any part or form. This agrees with the conclusion that the play followed closely on *Henry V* at latest.

There is no internal evidence to place the play within anything like narrow limits; in fact, the only way in which it is helpful is that the style and composition bespeak rapidity of construction, which is consistent with the fourteen days which were allotted to its production by the tradition. The Fenton and Anne Page part of the plot would surely have been more poetical and

Introduction.

elaborate had the author not been hurried; and minor confusions of time, etc., point to the same conclusion.

THE SOURCE

Several stories have been claimed to be the original of various incidents of the play. The only one, however, that bears any tangible resemblance to the general scheme is an adaptation of one of Straparola's novels printed in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, where a youth Lionello is in love with the beautiful wife of a jealous old doctor of four-score, named Mutio. Ignorant of Mutio's relation with his mistress, Lionello confides in him and receives every apparent assistance from him; assignations are appointed which the youth confides to Mutio, who interrupts them at the critical moment on three consecutive occasions, on each of which Lionello is successfully hidden. Eventually, by a trick, the laugh is turned against Mutio, who is so disturbed that he dies shortly, and Lionello marries his wife. Here, perhaps, is the germ of the Falstaff-Ford portion, and the remainder may easily be set down to Shakespeare's invention. The unreasonably jealous husband was a constant theme for comedy: Kiteley in *Every Man in His Humour*, the Husband in *Amends for Ladies*, and Antonio in *The Coxcomb*, are examples that readily occur.

TEXT

The first Quarto edition was, as has been said, published in 1602. Seventeen years later a second one appeared, which was practically a reprint of the former. In the Folio of 1623 the *Merry Wives* occupies twenty-two pages, and is more than twice as long as it is in the former editions. The relation of the Quarto and Folio texts, therefore, requires some examination. It has been hazarded that the Quarto text represents a 'first sketch' of the play, and that of the Folio the play as it appeared after revision by Shakespeare at some period during the reign of James I. Had this been so I think we should have found more attention given to the Fenton and Anne Page portion, and also a complete revision of much of the blank verse, which in so

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

many places is far beneath the ordinary level. It seems much more probable that the Quarto was obtained by piracy, and that the representation witnessed was a shortened form of the play. When the length of Shakespeare's plays is considered it can scarcely be doubted that it must have become a frequent practice to curtail and condense them, on certain occasions at least, to fit in more approximately with 'the two-hours' traffic of the stage'; and this view is consistent in that the Quarto contains almost everything that is essential to the plot. This opinion is put forward with considerable strength by Mr. Daniel in his introduction to the Quarto Facsimile.

There are in the Folio edition certain allusions that have been taken to show that the play as we have it there was written in James I's reign. Many of these are entirely superficial, and the few that remain may easily have been put in by the actors themselves. The play is one that is eminently adapted to the introduction of topical allusions, and such a popular jest as 'these knights will hack' in reference to the somewhat profuse creation of knights in the early part of that king's reign surely cannot be said to show any trace of Shakespeare's hand. I scarcely think it is necessary to assume that the Folio edition has come down to us from an original that was materially faulty. Mr. Daniel is impressed by the early disappearance of Pistol and Nym from the play, also by the promise of a new sub-plot when Dr. Caius and Evans announce their intention of revenging themselves against the Host, who has fooled them. This may, I think, reasonably be put down to the quickness with which the work was composed. Shakespeare probably found that the material he already had was amply sufficient, and so dispensed with the services of two characters he had no longer any use for in the main plot; and, viewed in this light, the first-sketch and later-revision theory is again discounted.

There is a palpable blunder with regard to the time-analysis of the play in Act III, sc. v. Mr. Daniel was the first to discover this; Falstaff is apparently fresh from his bath, and yet in the same scene the morning has already come. Mr. Daniel's solution is an ingenious and plausible one—to alter 'this morning' in III. v. 23, to 'in the morning,' and commence a new scene after the exit of Mrs. Quickly.

Introduction.

THE HORSE-STEALING INCIDENT IN ACT IV, SC. V.

The cozening of the Host is thought to be an allusion to an episode that may have occurred in connection with the visit of Mumpellgart in 1592. The 'cozen garmombles' of the Quarto is sufficiently close to be considered an anagram of the name, as he is addressed as Cousin Mumpellgart in Elizabeth's letters to him. It is known that this Count stayed at Windsor and Reading for two or three days, and it is also known that he had at certain times of his visit the privilege of being able on his bare authority to press horses into his service without paying for them. Such being the case, it is quite possible that some clever rogues may have represented themselves as coming from him and obtained horses with which they decamped, leaving no trace behind, and so cheated the unfortunate owner much in the same manner as the Host in the play. Further light is needed before this can be entirely cleared up, but the episode has every appearance of being a topical allusion, and the reference to the 'Garmaine Duke' and the 'garmombles' help to form a fairly strong case for connecting it with the visit of this Count. The plea that such a reference to a distinguished visitor would be distasteful to the Queen is met by the fact that Mumpellgart—or, as he was in 1597, the Duke of Wurtemberg—has been found to have given cause of offence to Elizabeth in some way, as appears from some decidedly acrimonious letters which she wrote to him.

THE CHARACTERS

The characterisation in the *Merry Wives* maintains a consistent level of excellence without ever being deep or subtle, the interest of the play depending more on situation and the humour of the actual story than in most plays of Shakespeare. The deterioration of Falstaff which makes itself felt in 2 *Henry IV* is here complete: there are, it is true, flashes of the old spirit in his interviews with Brooke, and his cajoling of Simple, but taken as a whole he is a mere shadow of his former self. Pistol, Nym and Bardolph are old friends—the first two being entirely artificial of the type which is developed in the Jonsonian

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

comedies. It is impossible to identify the Mistress Quickly of this play with the Hostess of 2 *Henry IV.* She is, indeed, inclined to garrulity and errors of speech, but she is far more nimble of intellect than her namesake of the earlier play, and succeeds in fooling Falstaff and the various lovers of Anne Page. Shakespeare seems to have intended that she should be the same as the Quickly of *Henry V.*: her somewhat free reference to the Deity is a mark of similarity, and it is to be noted that Pistol is kept on the stage throughout the whole of the interview between Falstaff and Quickly—when his presence is dramatically most inappropriate—apparently for the sole purpose of announcing his intention of making her his ‘prize,’ in which capacity she appears in *Henry V.* The ‘merry but honest’ wives need no analysis; Sir Hugh Evans is not uninteresting, but is far inferior to the inimitable Fluellen. The Host is certainly a clever sketch: his bustling importance, his self-consciousness and self-confidence, and his quaintly-garbled phraseology, make him perhaps the most original character in the play. He may well be compared with Blague in the whimsically-charming play, the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, which probably was written soon after the *Merry Wives*. The remaining characters are well-known types and call for no particular comment.

NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When the First *Folio* reading is corrected by a *Quarto*, a mark (*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes ‘Q’ means the First *Quarto*, 1602. ‘F’ means the First *Folio* of 1623, from which the Play is edited. F2, the Second *Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare’s).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress from the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader’s convenience, as ‘exile,’ &c. When -ed final is pronounced as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.

THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS,

Set down in the order of their Oncoming, with References to their first Speeches in every Scene. (A Star () to a Scene means that the Actor doesn't speak in it.)*

- Iustice SHALLOW of the County of Gloucester, Iustice of Peace, Esquire, I.i.1, p. 1; II.i.172, p. 30; II.iii.16, p. 44; III.i.34, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iv.22, p. 65; IV.ii.113, p. 81; V.ii.7, p. 98.*
- Master Abraham SLENDER, (an Idiot,) nephew to Iustice SHALLOW, and wishing to marry ANNE PAGE, I.i.5, p. 1; II.iii.18, p. 44; III.i.37, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iv.24, p. 65; V.ii.3, p. 98; V.v.167, p. 108.*
- Sir Hugh EUANS, Parson, a Welshman, also wishing to marry ANNE PAGE, I.i.17, p. 2; I.ii.1, p. 12; III.i.1, p. 47; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.149, p. 61; IV.i.9, p. 75; IV.ii.111, p. 81; IV.iv.1, p. 85; IV.v.65, p. 92; V.iv.1, p. 100; (as a Satyre or Welsh Fairy), V.v.48, p. 102.*
- Master George PAGE, a Burgess (?) of Windsor, Father of ANNE PAGE, I.i.62, p. 3; II.i.122, p. 27; II.iii.17, p. 44; III.i.38, p. 49; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.145, p. 61; III.iv.62, p. 67; IV.ii.109, p. 81; IV.iv.3, p. 86; V.ii.1, p. 98; V.v.99, p. 105.*
- Sir Iohn FALSTAFFE or FALSTOFFE, a drinking, thieeing, lying, lecherous, witty & humourful Knight, I.i.95, p. 4; I.iii.1, p. 12; II.ii.1, p. 32; III.iii.36, p. 57; III.v.1, p. 69; IV.ii.1, p. 77; IV.v.21, p. 90; V.i.1, p. 97; (with a Bucks head as HERNE the Hunter), V.v.1, p. 100.*
- BARDOLPH (or BARDOLFE), one of FALSTAFFES drinking & thieving Attendants, afterwards Drawer at the Garter Inn, I.i.113, p. 5; I.iii.18, p. 13; II.ii.128, p. 37; III.v.2, p. 69; IV.iii.1, p. 85; IV.v.57, p. 92.*
- PISTOLL, a bragging Attendant of FALSTAFFES, I.i.115, p. 5; I.iii.19, p. 13; II.i.96, p. 26; II.ii.2, p. 32; (as Cries Hob-goblyn), V.v.41, p. 102.*
- NYM, a humoured Attendant of FALSTAFFES, I.i.117, p. 5; I.iii.20, p. 13; II.ii.113, p. 27.*
- Mistresse FORD, one of The Merry Wives of Windsor, wife to Master Frank FORD, I.i.172, p. 7; II.i.27, p. 24; III.iii.1, p. 55; IV.ii.7, p. 77; IV.iv.25, p. 86; V.iii.11, p. 99; V.v.16, p. 101.*
- Mistresse Margaret (or Meg) PAGE, the other of The Merry Wives of Windsor, wife to Master George PAGE, I.i.176, p. 8; II.i.1, p. 23; III.ii.1, p. 52; III.iii.2, p. 56; III.iv.67, p. 67; IV.i.1, p. 75; IV.ii.8, p. 77; IV.iv.5, p. 86; V.iii.1, p. 99; V.v.29, p. 101.*
- Peter SIMPLE, man to Master SLENDER, I.i.186, p. 8; I.ii.5, p. 12; I.iv.15, p. 17; III.i.5, p. 47; III.ii.1, p. 54; IV.v.3, p. 89.*
- ANNE PAGE, daughter of Master George and Mistresse Margaret PAGE, in love with Master FENTON, I.i.236, p. 9; III.iv.3, p. 64; as Queene of the Fairies, V.v.36, p. 102; as FENTONS Bride, V.v.200, p. 110.*

The Names of all the Actors.

Mine **HOST** of the Garter Inn, Windsor, I.iii.2, p. 12; II.i.170, p. 30; II.iii.15, p. 44; III.i.70, p. 50; III.ii.43, p. 54; IV.iii.4, p. 85; IV.v.1, p. 89; IV.vi.1, p. 95.

ROBIN, FALSTAFFES skirted Page or Boy, I.iii.* p. 12; II.ii.27, p. 33; III.ii.4, p. 55; III.iii.21, p. 56.

Mistress **QUICKLY**, 'doe-all' to Master Doctor **CAIUS**, and knower of **ANNE PAGES** mind, I.iv.1, p. 17; II.i.143, p. 28; II.ii.29, p. 34; III.iv.28, p. 66; III.v.22, p. 70; IV.i.2, p. 75; IV.v.93, p. 94; V.i.5, p. 97; (as *Queen of the Fairies* in *F & Q*), V.v.* p. 100. (See note on V.v.36, p. 102, and the *Qo.* below it.)

John (or *Jacke*) **RUGBY**, man to Master Doctor **CAIUS**, I.iv.6, p. 17; II.iii.2, p. 43; III.i.* p. 50; III.ii.* p. 54.

Master Doctor **CAIUS**, a Frenchman, practicing at Windsor, and in love with **ANNE PAGE**, I.iv.39, p. 19; II.iii.1, p. 43; III.i.72, p. 50; III.ii.43, p. 54; III.iii.150, p. 61; IV.ii.* p. 81; IV.v.74, p. 93; V.iii.5, p. 99; V.v.191, p. 109.

Young Master **FENTON**, who 'smells April and May', and loves **ANNE PAGE**, I.iv.116, p. 22; III.iv.1, p. 64; IV.vi.3, p. 95; V.v.204, p. 110.

Master Frank **FORD**, a Burgess (?) of Windsor, the jealous Husband of *Mistress* **FORD**, II.i.95, p. 26; (as **BROOKE**, II.ii.138, p. 38); III.ii.8, p. 52; III.iii.130, p. 61; (as Master **BROOKE**, a feigned lover of *Mistress* **FORDS**, III.v.53, p. 71; IV.ii.101, p. 81; IV.iv.6, p. 86; (as **BROOKE**, V.i.12, p. 98); V.v.105, p. 106.

John, } 2 Servants of Master and *Mistress* **FORD**, III.iii.4,* 126,* p. 56, 60; one *Robert*, } speaks, III.iii.34, p. 61; IV.ii.96, p. 80.

William **PAGE**, young-man or sonne to *Mistress* **Margaret** and Master **George PAGE**, IV.i.18, p. 75; (as **CRICKET** the Fairy), V.v.* p. 102.

Fairies, boys, V.iv.* p. 100; one **CRICKET**, another **BEDE**, V.v.* p. 102; all with *Tapere*: one drest in *Greene*, and one (at least) in *White*: they sing, p. 105.

Elues & Ouphes, V.v.* p. 102; they sing, p. 105.

The Scene is laid in and near *Windsor*, its 'Little Parke' (or Home-Park), Great Parke, and Frogmore.

The Stage-time of the Play, in its present confusion (no night coming between Mrs. Quickly's second visit to Falstaffe and Brooke's (t. i. Ford's) second visit to him in III.v.), is 2 Days. Act I is on Day 1; Acts II—V are on Day 2. Shakspeare no doubt meant to have 3 days, beginning the 3rd with the Ford portion of Act III (line 50, p. 169). See Daniel's Analysis in *N. Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1877-79, pp. 130—135, and his edition of the Facsimile of Q1, pp. viii, ix.

A
Most pleasaunt and
excellent conceited Co-

medie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the
merrie Wiues of *Windfor*.

Entermixed with fundrie

variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh*
the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his
wife Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the fwaggering vaine of Auncient
Pistoll, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable
my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her
Maiestie, and else-where.



LONDON

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at
his shop in Powles Church yard, at the signe of the
Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.

1602.

[Title-page of the First (or 1602) Quarto of *The Merrie Wiues*. This Qo. is printed under our text from F, and is edited as F. is, the the place of each scene is not repeated. We italicize all the words in which Q. differs from F.]

[The whole Play is laid in *Windsor*, its 'Little Parke',
& neighbourhood.]

T H E Merry Wiues of Windfor

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Before PAGES house.

Enter Iustice SHALLOW, SLENDER, Sir HUGH EUANS, (&
later, Master GEORGE PAGE, FALSTOFFE, BARDOLPH,
NYM, PISTOLL, ANNE PAGE, Mistresse FORD, Mistresse
PAGE, SIMPLE.)

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perfwade me not! I will make a Star-
Chamber matter of it. If hee were twenty Sir
John Falstoffs, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*
Esquire!

Slen. In the County of *Glocester*, Iustice of Peace and
Coram!

Shal. I, (Cofen *Slender*), and *Cust-alorum!* 7

Slen. I, and *Rato-lorum* too; ¶ and a Gentleman borne,

[QUARTO 1. *Those of its words that are used in the like lines in F. are
printed in 'Roman' type. Those not so used are in 'italics.'*]

A pleasant conceited Co- medie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the merry Wiues of VVindfor.

Enter Iustice Shallow, Syr Hugh, Maister Page, and Slender.

2 *Shal.* *N*^{Ere} talke to me! Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it! [See I. i. 31, p. 2]

I

B

[I. i. 1-8.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

(Master Parfon,) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation: *Armigero*!

Shal. I, that I doe, and haue done any time these three hundred yeeres! 12

Slen. All his successors, (gone before him,) hath don't! and all his Ancestors, (that come after him,) may! they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate. 16

Euans. 'The dozen white Lowfes' doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well, passant: It is a familiar beast to man, and signifies Loue. 19

Shal. The Luse is the fresh-fish; the salt-fish is an old Coate.

Slen. I may quarter (Coz)? 21

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is 'marring' indeed, if he 'quarter' it.

Shal. Not a whit! 24

Euan. Yes, per-lady! if he ha's a 'quarter' of your coat, there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple coniectures; but that is all one. If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* haue committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attonements and compremises betweene you. 30

Shal. The Councill shall heare it! it is a Riot! 31

Euan. It is not meet the Councill heare a Riot! there is no feare of Got in a Riot! The Councill (looke you,) shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a Riot: take your viza-ments in that. 35

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were yong againe, the sword should end it. 37

Euans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which peraduenture prings goot discretions with it: There is *Anne Page*, which is daughter to Master *Thomas Page*, which is pretty virginity. 42

41. *Thomas*] F. *George. Theobald.*

Pag. Nay, good maister Shallow, be perswaded by mee! [See 85-6, p. 4]

4. *Slen. Nay, surely, my uncle shall not put it vp so!*

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons, Maister Slenders? You should heare reasons.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Slen. Miftris 'Anne Page'? she has browne haire, and speakes smalle, like a woman. 44

Euan. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as you will desire! ¶ And seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes, and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his deaths-bed (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrections!) giue, when she is able [48 to ouertake seenteene yeeres old. It were a goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage betweene Master *Abraham* and Miftris *Anne Page*. 51

Slen. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred pound?

Euan. I, and her father is make her a petter penny. 53

Slen. I know the young Gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Euan. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest Master *Page*. Is *Falstaffe* there?

Euan. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I [57 doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true: the Knight, Sir *John*, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for Master *Page*. [Knocks] ¶ What hoa! Got-please your house heere! 61

Master *Page*. [within] Who's there?

Enter Master GEORGE PAGE.

Euan. Here is Got's pleasing, and your friend, and Iustice *Shallow*; and heere yong Master *Slender*, that peraduentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings. 65

Master *Page*. I am glad to see your Worthips well! ¶ I thanke you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you! much good doe it your good heart! I wish'd your Venison better; it was ill killd. How doth good Mistresse *Page*? and I thank you alwaies with my heart, la! with my heart! 71

M. Page. Sir, I thanke you!

Shal. Sir, I thanke you! by yea and no, I doe.

M. Pa. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*!

56, 60, &c. *Master*] Mr F. (After | 63. *Got's*] go't's F.
like extensions will not be noted.)

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so [2, 3 away, ¶ Master *Page*, I will not be wronged! [88, p. 4] For you, Syr, I loue you; and for my cousen, he comes to looke vpon your daughter.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Slen. How do's your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say
he was out-run on *Cotfall*. 76

M. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse!

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault! 'tis
a good dogge! 80

M. Pa. A Cur, Sir!

Shal. Sir, hee's a good dog, and a faire dog! Can there
be more faid? he is good, and faire. Is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*
heere? 84

M. Pa. Sir, hee is within; and I would I could doe a good
office betweene you.

Euan. It is spoke as a *Christians* ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Maister Page! 88

M. Pa. Sir, he doth in some sort confesse it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so
(Maister Page?) He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath! at a
word he hath: beleue me! *Robert Shallow* Esquire, faith he
is wronged. 93

Ma. Pa. Here comes Sir *Iohn*!

* Enter *Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Nym.*

Fal. Now, Maister *Shallow*! you'll complaine of me to the
King? 96

Shal. Knight! you haue beaten my men, kill'd my deere,
and broke open my Lodge!

* 94. Enter . . . J Q.

10 *Pa.* And heres my hand; and if my daughter like him so well as
I, wee'l quickly haue it a match. In the meane time, let me intreat
12 you to sojourne here a while; and, on my life, Ile undertake to
make you friends!

Sir Hu. I pray you, Maister *Shallowes*, let it be so! The [119
matter is put to arbitraments. The first man is Maister Page,
16 videlicet Maister Page. The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
And the third and last man, is mine Host of the Gartyr. 120-123

Enter *Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, and Nim.*

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you! 94

Fal. Now, Maister *Shallow*! youle complaine of me to the
20 Councell, I heare.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*! you haue hurt my keeper, kild my
22 dogs, stolne my deere! 96

I. i. 75-98.]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

- Fal. But not kifs'd your Keepers daughter! 100
 Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd!
 Fal. I will answere it strait: I haue done all this: That is now answer'd.
 Shal. The Councell shall know this! 103
 Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsell: you'll be laugh'd at.
 Eu. *Pauca verba*, (Sir Iohn;) good worts! 106
 Fal. 'Good worts'! good Cabidge! ¶ *Slender*, I broke your head: what matter haue you against me?
 Slen. Marry, fir, I haue matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching Rascalls, *Bardolf*, *Nym*, and *Pistoll*. * They carried mee to the *Tauerne*, and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.* 112
 Bar. You *Banbery* Cheefe!
 Slen. I, it is no matter!
 Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?
 Slen. I, it is no matter! 116
 Nym. Slice, I fay! *pauca, pauca*! Slice! that's my humor.
 Slen. Where's *Simple*, my man? ¶ Can you tell, Cofen? 118
 Eu. Peace, I pray you! Now let vs vnderstand. There is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderstand; that is, Master *Page*, (*fidelicet*, Master *Page*;) & there is my felfe, (*fidelicet*, my felfe;) and the three party is (lastly and finally,) mine Host of the *Gater*. 123
 Ma. Pa. We three, to hear it, & end it between them.

*111, 112. *They . . . pocket* } Q.

- Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter! 99
 24 Shal. *Well*, this shall be answered! 100
 Fal. Ile answere it strait! I haue done all this. *This* is now answered. 101-2
 Shal. *Well*, the Councell shall know *it*! 103
 28 Fal. 'Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell, Youle be laught at. 104-5
 Sir Hu. *Good vrdes*, sir Iohn! good vrdes! 106
 Fal. 'Good vrdes,' good Cabidge! ¶ *Slender*, I brake your head!
 32 What matter haue you against mee? 108
 Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your *cogging companions*, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. *They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.* 112

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Euan. Ferry goo't! I will make a priefe of it in my note-booke; and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cause, with as great difcreetly as we can. 127

Fal. Pistoll!

Pift. He heares with eares.

Euan. The Teuill and his Tam! what phrafe is this? 'he heares with eare'? why, it is affectations! 131

Fal. Pistoll! did you picke *Maister Slenders* purse?

Slen. I, by these gloues did hee! (or I would I might neuer come in mine owne great chamber againe else,) of seauen groates in mill-sixpences, and two *Edward Shouelboords*, that cost me two shilling and two pence a peece of *Yead Miller*. by these gloues! 137

Fal. Is this true, *Pistoll*?

Euan. No, it is false, if it is a picke-purse!

Pift. Ha, thou mountaine-Forreyner! ¶ *Sir John*, and *Maister mine*! 140

I combat challenge of this Latine Bilboe!

¶ Word of deniall in thy labras here!

Word of denial! Froth and Scum, thou lieft!

Slen. By these gloues, then 'twas he! [*Points to Nym.* 144

Nym. Be auis'd, fir, and passe good humours! I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you runne the nut-hooks humor on me; that is the very note of it. 147

Slen. By this hat, then, [*Points to BARDOLPH*] he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunke, yet I am not altogether an asse.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*? 151

36 *Fal.* What say you to this, *Pistoll*? Did you picke *Maister Slenders* purse, *Pistoll*? 132

Slen. I, by this handkercher, did he! Two faire shouell board shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences. 135

40 *Fal.* What say you to this, *Pistoll*?

Pist. *Sir John*, and *Maister mine*! I combat craue Of this same laten bilbo. ¶ *I do retort* 140

The lie, euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge! 143

44 *Slen.* By this light, it was he, then! [*Points to Nym.* 144

Nym. Syr, my humor¹ is not for many words, But if you run back humors of me, I will say 'marry trap'! And there's the humor 47 of it.

¹ honor Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Bar. Why, fir, (for my part,) I say the Gentleman had drunke himselfe out of his fiue sentences.

(*Eu.* It is his fiue 'fences': fie! what the ignorance is!)

Bar. And being fap, fir, was (as they say) casheerd: and fo conclusions past the Car-eires. 156

Slen. I, you spake in *Latten* then too: but 'tis no matter! Ile nere be drunk (whilst I liue) againe, but in honest, ciuill, godly company, for this tricke: if I be drunke, Ile be drunke with those that haue the feare of God; and not with drunken knaues. 161

Euan. So Got-udge me, that is a vertuous minde.

Fal. You heare all these matters deni'd, Gentlemen! you heare it! 164

1 *Enter ANNE PAGE, with Wine.*

Maister Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in! wee'll drinke within.

Slen. Oh heauen! This is Mistrresse *Anne Page*.

[*Exit ANNE PAGE.*]

1 *Enter Mistrresse ALICE FORD, and Mistrresse MEG PAGE.*

Maister Page. How now, Miftris *Ford*? 168

Fal. Miftris *Ford*, *I thinke your name is, if I mistake not? * By my troth you are very wel met! by your leaue, good Miftris! [Kisses her.¹

† *Mif. Ford.* Your mistake, fir, is nothing but in the 'Mistrresse'. But my husbands name is *Ford*, fir.† 173

157. too] to F.

162. *vertuous*] *vertuous* F.

¹ See Q, below.

*169. *I . . not*] Q,

†172-178. *Mis. Ford . . . all my hart!*] Q, but *Foord* for *Ford*, 173.

48 *Fal.* You heare these matters denide, gentlemen! You heare it!

Enter Mistrresse Foord, Mistrresse Page, and her daughter Anne.

49 *Pa.* No more now! I thinke it be almost dinner time, for my wife is come to meet vs.

Fal. Mistrresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is, if I mistake not. 169

52 *Mis. Ford.* Your mistake, sir, is nothing but in the 'Mistrresse.' [Syr *Iohn* kisses her.
But my husbands name is *Foord*, sir. 173

Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance. ¶ The like of you, [kisses her. 174-5

55 good misteris *Page*!

[I. i. 152-173.]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

† *Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance. ¶ The like of you, good misteris *Page*. [Kisses her.

Mis. Pa. With all my hart, sir *Iohn*. ¶ Come, husband, will you goe? Dinner staies for us. 177

Pa. With all my hart! † Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome! ¶ Come! we haue a hot Venison pasty to dinner. Come, gentlemen! I hope we shall drinke downe all vnkindnesse.

[Exeunt all but *SHAL.*, *SLEN.* & *EUANS.*

Slen. I had rather then forty shillings, I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere! 182

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, *Simple*! where haue you beene? I must wait on my selfe, must I? You haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you? 185

Sim. 'Booke of Riddles'! why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Alhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas? 188

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz! we stay for you. A word with you, Coz! marry, this, Coz: there is (as 'twere) a tender, a kinde of tender, made a-farre off by Sir *Hugh* here. Doe you vnderstand me? 192

Slen. I, Sir, you shall finde me reasonable; if it be so, I shall doe that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but vnderstand me!

Slen. So I doe, Sir. 196

Euan. Giue eare to his motions, *Master Slender*! I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* saies: I pray you, pardon me! he's a Iustice of Peace in his Countrie, simple though I stand here. 201

Euan. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point, Sir. 204

178. *Pa.* . . .] *Q. Mr. Page. Wife. F.*

56 *Mis. Pa.* With all my hart, sir *Iohn*! Come husband will you goe? Dinner staies for us. 176-7

58 *Pa.* With all my hart! ¶ Come along, Gentlemen! 178-80

[Exit all, but *Slender* and mistresse *Anne*.
[See III. iv. 63-9.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Eu. Marry, is it: the very point of it; to Mistrisse *An Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her vpon any reasonable demands. 207

Eu. But can you affection the 'o-man? Let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philosphers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therfore, precisely, can you carry your good wil to y^e maid?

Sh. Cofen *Abraham Slender*! can you loue her? 212

Slen. I hope, fir, I will do as it shall become one that would doe reason.

Eu. Nay! got's Lords, and his Ladies! you must speake possitable, if you can carry-her your desires towards her. 216

Shal. That you must! Will you, (vpon good dowry,) marry her?

Slen. I will doe a greater thing then that, vpon your request, (Cofen,) in any reason. 220

Shal. Nay conceiue me, conceiue mee, (fweet Coz)! what I doe is to pleasure you, (Coz :) Can you loue the maid?

Slen. I will marry her (Sir,) at your request; but if there bee no great loue in the beginning, yet Heauen may decrease [224 it vpon better acquaintance, when wee are married, and haue more occasion to know one another: I hope, vpon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'mary-her,' I will mary-her: that, I am freely dissolued, and dissolutely. 228

Eu. It is a fery discretion-answere; saue the fall is in the'ord, 'dissolutely': the ort is, (according to our meaning,) 'refo-lutely': his meaning is good.

Sh. I, I thinke my Cofen meant well. 232

Sl. I, or else I would I might be hang'd, (la!)

Sh. Here comes faire Mistris *Anne*.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

¶ Would I were yong for your sake, Mistris *Anne*! 235

An. The dinner is on the Table; my Father desires your worships company.

Sh. I will wait on him, (faire Mistris *Anne*.) 238

Eu. Od's plessed-wil! I will not be absence at the grace.

[*Exeunt SHALLOW & EVANS.*]

205. *Mistresse*] Mi. F.

227. *contempt*] Theobald. content F.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

An. Wil't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Sl. No, I thank you, forsooth, hartely; I am very well.

An. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Sl. I am not a-hungry, I thanke you, forsooth. [70

SIMPLE] Goe, Sirha, for all you are my man; goe wait vpon my Cofen *Shallow*! [*Exit SIMPLE.*] ¶ A Iustice of peace [245
sometime may be beholding to his friend, for a Man. I keepe
but three Men and a Boy yet, till my Mother be dead: but
what though? yet I liue like a poore Gentleman borne. 248

An. I may not goe in without your worship: they will
not fit till you come.

Sl. I'faith, ile eate nothing: I thanke you as much as
though I did. 252

An. I pray you, Sir, walke in!

Sl. I had rather walke here, (I thanke you). I bruiz'd
my shin th'other day, with playing at Sword and Dagger
with a Master of Fence; (three veneys for a dish of stew'd [256
Prunes;) and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot
meate since. Why doe your dogs barke so? be there Beares
ith'Towne? 259

An. I thinke there are, Sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Sl. I loue the sport well; but I shall as soone quarrell at
it, as any man in *England*. You are afraid if you see the
Beare loofe, are you not? 263

An. I, indeede, Sir!

Sl. That's meate and drinke to me, now! I haue feene

Anne. Now, *forsooth, why do you stay me?* What would you
60 with me? [III. iv. 57, p. 67.

Slen. *Nay*, for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you.
I loue you well, and my vnclie can tell you how *my liuing stands*.

And if you can loue me; why, so! If not, *why then* 'happie man
64 be his dole'! [III. iv. 60, p. 67.

An. *You say well, Master Slender; but first you must giue me
leauie to be acquainted with your humor, and afterward to loue you,
(if I can.)*

68 Slen. *Why, by God, there's neuer a man in Christendome can
desire more!* What, haue you Beares in your Towne, *mistresse*
Anne! your dogs barke so! 259, 258

An. *I cannot tell, Master Slender; I thinke there be.*

72 Slen. *Ha, how say you? I warrant you'r afeard of a Beare let
loose!* Are you not? 263

74 An. *Yes, trust me!*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Sackerfon loose, twenty times, and haue taken him by the Chaine: but, (I warrant you,) the women haue so cride and shrekt at it, that it past! But women, indeede, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-fauour'd rough things. 269

Re-enter Maister PAGE.

Ma. Pa. Come, gentle *Maister Slender*, come! we stay for you.

Sl. Ile eate nothing, I thanke you, Sir. 272

Ma. Pa. By cocke and pie, you shall not choose, Sir! come, come!

Sl. Nay, pray you, lead the way!

Ma. Pa. Come on, Sir! [Exit. 276

Sl. *Mistris Anne*, your selfe shall goe first!

An. Not I, Sir! pray you, keepe on!

Sl. Truly, I will not goe first! truly,—la! I will not doe you that wrong. 280

An. I pray you, Sir!

Sl. Ile rather be vmannerly, then troublesome! You doe your selfe wrong, indeede,—la! [Exeunt: *SL. first.* 283

269. enter . . Page] Q.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me! *Ile run you¹ to a 76 Beare*, and take *her* by the *mussell*, you neuer saw the like! But indeed *I* cannot blame you, for they are maruellous rough things. 269

An. Will you goe in to dinner, *Master Slender²*? The meate staires for you. 242

80 *Slen.* *No*, faith! not *I*, I thanke you! [251] I cannot abide the smell of hot meate, nere since I broke my shin. [257, 255] *Ile tel you how it came*, by my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies for a dish of stewd prunes [256-7]; and I, with my ward defendiſg 84 my head, he hot my shin. [254-5] *Yes*, faith!

Enter Maister Page.

Pa. Come, come, *Maister Slender*! dinner staires for you. 270

86 *Slen.* I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose, *I say*. 273

88 *Slen.* *Ile follow you, sir!* pray leade the way! [Exit *PA.*] Nay, be *God*, misteris *Anne*! you shall goe first! *I haue more manners then so*, I hope. 275, 277

91 *An.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome. [Exit omnes. 283

¹ you Q.

² Slendor Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.

Before PAGES House.

*Enter EUANS and SIMPLE, from dinner.**

Eu. Go your waies, and aske of Doctor *Caius* house, which is the way; and there dwels one Miftris *Quickly*; which is in the manner of his Nurfe; or his dry-Nurfe; or his Cooke; or his Laundry; his Washer, and his Ringer. 4

Si. Well, Sir?

Eu. Nay, it is petter yet. Giue her this letter; for it is a'oman that altogethers acquaintance with Miftris *Anne Page*; and the Letter is to desire, and require her, to folicite your [8 *Masters* desires to Miftris *Anne Page*. I pray you, be gon! I will make an end of my dinner; ther's Pippins and Cheefe to come. [Exeunt. 11

Actus Primus. Scena Tertia.

Mine Hosts Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFFE, HOST, BARDOLFE, NYM, PISTOLL, & FALSTAFFES skirted Page, ROBIN.

Fal. Mine *Host* of the Garter!

Ho. What saies my Bully Rooke? speake schollerly and wifely! 3

**from dinner] Q.*

Enter sir Hugh and Simple, from dinner.

Sir Hu. Hark you, *Simple*! pray you beare this letter to Doctor Cayus house, the French Doctor. [6, 1.] He is twell vp along the street. And enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or 4 his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her: it tis about Maister Slender. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you, Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you, do! [9] I must not be absent at the grace. [239, 8 p. 9] I will goe make an end of my dinner; There is pepions and cheese behinde. *Exit omnes.* 11

Enter sir John Falstaffe, the Host¹ of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.

1 *Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter!

Host. What ses my bully Rooke? Speake schollerly and wisely! 1

¹ *Falstaffe, the Host] Falstaffes Host Q.*

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Fal. Truly, mine Hoſt, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Ho. Diſcard, Bully Hercules! caſheere! let them wag! trot, trot!

Fal. I ſit at ten pounds a weeke. 8

Ho. Thou'rt an Emperour, (*Ceſar, Keiſer, and Pheaxar*). I will entertaine *Bardolfe*: he ſhall draw; he ſhall tap. Said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fa. Doe ſo, good mine Hoſt! 12

Ho. I haue ſpoke: let him follow! ¶ [To BARD.] Let me ſee thee froth and lyme*! I am at a word: follow! [Exit.†]

Fal. *Bardolfe*! follow him! a Tapſter is a good trade: an old Cloake makes a new Ierkin; a wither'd Seruing-man, a freſh Tapſter. Goe! adew! 17

Ba. It is a life that I haue deſir'd: I will thrive.

[Exit BARDOLFE.†]

Piſt. O baſe Hungarian wight! wilt thou the ſpigot wield?

Ni. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am ſo acquit of this Tinderbox! His

*14. lyme] Q. liue F. †14. Exit] Q. †18. Exit. B. Q.]

Fal. Mine Hoſt, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers. 4

4 Hoſt. Diſcard, bully Hercules! caſſire! Let them wag, trot, trot!

Fal. I ſit at ten pound a weeke. 8

Hoſt. Thou art an Emperour, Cæſar, Phesser, and Kesar, *bully*!

Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He ſhall tap, he ſhall draw! Said I well, 8 bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do, good mine Hoſt! 12

Hoſt. I haue ſpoke. Let him follow! ¶ *Bardolfe*! Let me ſee thee froth, and lyme. I am at a word. Follow, follow! [Exit Hoſt.]

12 Fal. *Do*, *Bardolfe*! a Tapſter is a good trade; An old cloake will make a new Ierkin; A withered ſeruingman, a freſh Tapſter. Follow him, *Bardolfe*! 17

Bar. I will, ſir! Ile warrant you Ile make a good ſhift to liue!

[Exit *Bardolfe*.]

16 Piſ. O baſe Gongarian wight! Wilt thou the ſpicket weild¹?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well, my Laddes! I am almoſt out at the heeles. [27, p. 14]

Piſ. Why, then let cybes inſue! 28

20 Nym. I thanke thee for that humor! 54

Fal. Well, I am glad I am ſo rid of this tinder Box²! His ſtealth was too open; his filching was like an vnſkilfull ſinger; he

23 kept not time. 23

¹ willd Q.

² Boy Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Thefts were too open; his filching was like an vnskillfull Singer; he kept not time. 23

Ni. The good humor is, to steale at a minutes rest.

Pist. 'Conuay' the wife it call: 'Steale!' foh! a *fico* for the phrafe! 26

Fal. Well, firs, I am almost out at heeles.

Pist. Why, then, let Kibes ensue!

Fal. There is no remedy: I must conicatch, I must shift.

Pist. Yong Rauens must haue foode! 30

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Towne?

Pist. I ken the wight! he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more. 34

Fal. No quips now, *Pistoll*! (Indeede, I am in the waffe two yards about; but I am now about no 'waffe'; I am about thrift.) Briefely: I doe meane to make loue to *Fords* wife: I spie entertainment in her; thee discourses; thee carues; [38 she giues the leere of inuitation: I can construe the action of her famillier stile; & the hardest voice of her behauior (to be english'd rightly,) is, '*I am Sir Iohn Falstaffs*.'

Pist. He hath studied her well*; and translated her will, out of honesty, into *English*. 43

Ni. The Anchor is deepe: will that humor passe?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husbands Purse: he hath legions† of Angels. 46

*42. *well*] Q. will F.

†46. *legions*] legians Q (p. 15, | l. 39), (legions, p. 42, l. 126, Q). | a legend F.

Nym. The good humor is, to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. *Tis so, indeed, Nym! thou hast hit it right!*

Fal. Well, *afore God*, I must cheat, I must conycatch! [27, 29 31

Pis. I ken the wight! he is of substance good.

Fal. *Well* my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.

Pis. Two yards, and more! 34

31 *Fal.* No *gibes* now, *Pistoll*! (Indeed, I am two yards in the wast; but now I am about no wast :) Briefly, I am about thrift, *you rogues, you!* I do *intend* to make loue to *Foords* wife; I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she discourses. She giues the leere¹ of
35 inuitation; and *every part* (to be constured rightly,) is, '*I am Syr Iohn Falstaffes*.' 41

¹ lyre Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Pist. As many diuels, entertaine! and 'To her, Boy,' say I!

Ni. The humor rises: it is good: humor me the angels! 48

Fal. I haue writ me here a letter to her; & here another to *Pages* wife, who euen now gaue mee good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most iudicious illiads: sometimes the beame of her view guilded my foote, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on dung-hill shine.

Ni. I thanke thee for that bumour! 54

Fal. O, she did so course o're my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seeme to scorch me vp like a burning-glasse! Here's another letter to her! She beares the Purse too: She is a Region in [58 *Guiana*; all gold, and bountie! I will be Cheater to them both, and they shall be Exchequers to mee; they shall be my East and West *Indies*, and I will trade to them both. [To *NYM.*] Goe, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Page*! [To *PISTOLL*] And thou this to Mistris *Ford*! ¶ We will thrive, (Lads,) we will thrive! 64

Pist. Shall I, Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become,
And by my fide weare Steele? Then *Lucifer* take all!

Ni. I will run no base humor! Here, take the humor-Letter! I will keepe the hauior of reputation. 68

59. *Cheater*] Theobald. Cheaters F, Q.

37 *Pis.* He hath studied her well, out of honestie into English. 42
Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule of her husbands purse. She hath legions of angels.

40 *Pis.* As many diuels attend her! And 'To her, boy,' say I! 47

Fal. Here's¹ a Letter to her! Heeres another to *mistris Page*, who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors [50-6 with such a greedy intention, with the beames of her *beautie*, that

44 it seemed as she would a scorched² me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her; shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West *Indies*, and Ile trade to them both.

48 ¶ *Heere*, beare thou this Letter to Mistris *Foord*! ¶ And thou this to *mistris Page*! ¶ Wee'll thrive, Lads; we will thrive! 64

Pist. Shall I, sir *Panderowes* of *Troy* become?
And by my side³ were Steele? Then *Lucifer* take all! 66

52 *Nym.* Here, take your humor Letter againe! For my part, I will keepe the hauior of reputation. And theres the humor of it! 67-8

¹ Heere's Q.

² scorched Q.

³ sword Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Fal. [to ROBIN] Hold, Sirha! beare you theſe Letters tightly!
 Saile, like my Pinnaffe, to theſe golden ſhores!
 [To PIſT. & NYM.] Rogues, hence! auant! vaniſh like haile-ftones! goe! 71
 Trudge! plod away ith' hoofe! ſeeke ſhelter, packe!
 Falſtaffe will learne the humor* of the age:
 French-thrift, you Rogues! my ſelfe, and ſkirted Page. 74
 [Exeunt FALSTAFFE and the Boy ROBIN.]
 Piſt. Let Vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd, and Fullam holds;
 & high and low beguiles the rich & poore.
 Teſter ile haue in pouch, when thou ſhalt lacke,
 Baſe Phrygian Turke! 78
 Ni. I haue operations, which be humors of reuenge.
 Piſt. Wilt thou reuenge?
 Ni. By Welkin, and her Star!
 Piſt. With wit, or Steele?
 Ni. With both the humors, I: 81
 I will diſcuſſe the humour of this Loue to Page.†
 Piſt. And I to Ford‡ ſhall eke vnfold
 How Falſtaffe, (varlet vile,) 84

*73. humor] Q1. honor F.

† See Q, below.

†82. Page] Q1. Ford F.

‡83. Ford] Foord Q1. Page F.

Fal. [to his Page] Here, ſirha! beare me theſe Letters titely!
 Saile, like my pinnice, to the golden ſhores! 70
 56 [To PIſT. & NYM.] ¶ Hence, ſtaues! auant! Vanish like hailstones!
 goe!
 Falſtaffe will learne the humor of this age,
 French thrift, you rogues!² my ſelfe, and ſcirted Page. 74
 [Exit Falſtaffe, and the Boy.
 Piſ. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch,
 60 When thou ſhalt want, baſe Phrygian Turke.
 Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.
 Piſ. Wilt thou reuenge?
 Nym. By Welkin and her Fairies!
 64 Piſ. By wit, or ſword? 81
 Nym. With both the humors. I will diſcloſe this loue to Page!
 Ile poſes him with Iallowes! And theres the humor of it. 88
 67 Piſ. And I to Foord, will likewise tell,

² rogue Q.

I. iii. 69-84.]

16

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

His Doue will proue, his gold will hold,
 And his soft couch defile. 86
Ni. My humour shall not coole: I will incense *Page** to
 deale with poyson; I will possesse him with yallownesse, for
 this reult of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of Malecontents!
 I second thee! troope on! [Exeunt. 91]

Actus Primus. Scœna Quarta.

A room in Doctor CAIUS'S house.

*Enter Mistress QUICKLY, SIMPLE, IOHN RUGBY, (& after,
 DOCTOR CAIUS, FENTON.)*

Qu. What, *John Rugby*! I pray thee, goe to the Cafe-
 ment, and see if you can see my Master, (Master Doctor
Caius.) comming. If he doe, (I'faith,) and finde any body in
 the houle, here will be an old abusing of Gods patience, and
 the Kings *English*. 5

Ru. Ile goe watch.

Qu. Goe! and we'll haue a posset for't soone at night, (in
 faith,) at the latter end of a Sea-cole-fire. [Exit *RUGBY*.]
 ¶ An honest, willing, kinde fellow, as euer seruant shall come
 in houle withall; and, I warrant you, no tel-tale nor no [10
 breede-bate: his worst fault is, that he is giuen to prayer;
 hee is something peeuish that way: but no body but has
 his fault; but let that passe! *Peter Simple*, you say your
 name is? 14

Si. I: for fault of a better.

Qu. And Master *Slender*'s your Master?

*87. *Page* from Q1. Cp. l. 82. Ford F. 89. *this* Pope. the F.

68 How Falstaffe, (varlot vilde,) 84

Would haue his¹ Loue,

70 His Doue *would* proue,
 And eke his *bed* defile. 83, 86

Nym. Let vs about it then!

73 *Pis.* Ile second thee! *sir Corporall Nym*, troope on!
 [Exeunt² omnes.

[I. iv.] Enter *Mistresse Quickly*, and *Simple*.

I Quic. 'Master *Slender*' is your Masters name, say you? 13-14, 16

¹ her Q.

² Exit Q.

[I. iii. 85-91; iv. 1-16.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Si. I, forfooth.

17

Qu. Do's he not weare a great round Beard, like a Glouers pairing-knife?

Si. No, forfooth: he hath but a little wee-face; with a little yellow Beard; a Caine-coloured Beard.

21

Qu. A softly-frighted man, is he not?

Si. I, forfooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is, betweene this and his head: he hath fought with a Warrener.

25

Qu. How say you? Oh, I should remember him: do's he not hold vp his head, (as it were?) and frut in his gate?

Si. Yes, indeede, do's he.

28

Qu. Well, heauen fend *Anne Page*, no worfe fortune! Tell Master Parson *Euans*, I will doe what I can for your Maister: *Anne* is a good girle, and I wifh—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Ru. Out, alas! here comes my Maister.

32

Qu. We shall all be shent! ¶ Run in here, good young man! goe into this Clofset! he will not stay long. [*Shuts*

Sim. I, indeed; that is his name!

Quic. How say you? [26] *I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man; and he has (as it were) a whay-coloured beard.*

22, 27, 18

Sim. Indeed, my maisters beard is kane colored.

21

Quic. 'Kane colour,' you say well! And is this Letter from sir Yon? About Misteris An, is it not?

31

8 Sim. I, indeed is it.

28

Quic. So! and your Maister would haue me (as it twere) to speak to misteris Anne concerning him: [75] *I promise you my Maister hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himselfe* [93, p. 21].
12 And if he should know that I should (as they say,) giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it thoroughly! For I tell you, friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I, by my faith, you are a good staie to him.

16 Quic. Am I? I, and you knew all, yowd say so! Washing, [36-8 brewing, baking, all goes through my hands, or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me! One woman to do all this, is very painfull.

20 Quic. Are you auised of that? [90, p. 21] *I, I warrant you! Take all, and paie all; all goe through my hands. And he is such a honest man, and he should chance to come home and finde a man* [3 here, we should haue no who¹ with him. He is a parloues man!

24 Sim. Is he indeed?

¹ Ho, woe, rest, peace.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

SIMPLE *in the Closet.*] ¶ What, *John Rugby!* *John!* what, *John,* I say! Goe, *John!* goe enquire for my Master! I doubt he be not well, that hee comes not home: [*Sings*] *and downe, downe, adowne' a. &c.* 38

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Ca. Vat is you fing? I doe not like des toyes: pray you, goe and vetch me in my Cloffet, *vn boyteene verd;* a Box, a greene-a-Box: do intend vat I fpeake? a greene-a-Box. 42

Qu. I, forfooth! ile fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad hee went not in himselfe: if he had found the yong man, he would haue bin horne-mad. 45

Ca. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foy, il fait fort chaud, Je m'en voi a le Court,—la grande affaire.*

Qu. Is it this, Sir? 48

Ca. *Ouy: mette le au mon 'pocket'! dépêche, Quickly!* Vere is dat knaue *Rugby?*

Qu. What, *John Rugby!* *John!*

Ru. [*comes forward*] Here, Sir! 52

Ca. You are *John Rugby,* and you are *Iacke Rugby.* Come, take-a your Rapier, and come after my heele to the Court!

Ru. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Porch. 55

40. *boyteene*] F (boitine). boy-
tier Rowe.

46-7. *ma . . . affaire*] Rowe.
mai foy, il fait for chando, Je man

voi a le Court la grand affaires F.

49. *dépêche, Quickly!* [*de-pêche quickly F.*

53. *and*] aad F.

25 **Quic.** 'Is he,' quoth you? God keepe him abroad! Lord blesse me! who knocks there? For Gods sake, step into the Counting-house, while I goe see whose at doore. [*He steps into the Counting-house.*

28 ¶ What, *John Rugby!* *John!* ¶ Are you come home, sir, alreadie? 35
[*And she opens the doore.*

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Doct. *I, begar, I be forget my oyntment!* VVhere be *John Rugby?*

Enter *John.*

Rug. Here, sir! do you call? 52

Doc. *I, you be! John Rugbye, and you be Iack Rugby: Goe, run 32 vp met² your heeles, and bring away de oyntment in de vindoe! present! Make hast, John Rugbye!* ¶ O! I am almost forget my

¹ he Q.

² met = with.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Ca. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od's-me! *que ay ie oublié*? dere is some Simples in my Clofset, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leaue behinde. [*Goes to Closet, & opens it.* 58

Qu. Ay-me! he'll finde the yong man there, & be mad!

Ca. O *Diable, Diable!* vat is in my Clofset?

Villanie, *La-roone!* [*Pulls SIMP. out*] ¶ *Rugby*, my Rapier!

Qu. Good Mafter, be content!

Ca. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Qu. The yong man is an honeft man. 64

Ca. What shall de honeft man do in my Clofset? dere is no honeft man dat shall come in my Clofset.

Qu. I befecch you be not fo flegmaticke! heare the trnth of it! He came of an errand to mee, from Parfon *Hugh*. 68

Ca. Vell!

Si. I, forsooth! to defire her to—

Qu. Peace, I pray you! 71

Ca. [*to QU.*] Peace-a your tongue! [*To SI.*] speake-a your Tale!

Si. To defire this honeft Gentlewoman (your Maid,) to speake a good word to Miftris *Anne Page*, for my Mafter in the way of Marriage. 76

Qu. This is all, indeede-la! but ile nere put my finger in the fire! and neede not.

Ca. Sir *Hugh* fend-a you? ¶ *Rugby*, ballow mee some paper! tarry you a littell-a-while! [*The Doctor writes apart.* 80

Qui. [*to SIMP.*] I am glad he is fo quiet: if he had bin thoroughly moued, you should haue heard him fo loud, and fo melancholly. But notwithstanding, Man, Ile doe yoe your Mafter what good I can! and the very yea, & the no is, [84

80. *The . . . writes*] Q. F om.

simples in a boxe in *de Counting-house*. [41] ¶ O *Ieshu!* vat be here? a *deuella*, a *deuella*? ¶ My Rapier, *Iohn Rugby!* ¶ Vat be you?

36 vat make you in my *Counting-house*? I tinck you be a thefe. 65

Quic. *Ieshu* blesse me! we are all vndone!

Sim. O Lord, sir, no! I am no theefe; I am a *Seruingman*; My name is *Iohn Simple*; I brought a Letter, sir, from my Maister

40 Slender, about Misteris *Anne Page*, Sir: Indeed, that is my comming!

Doc. I, begar! is dat all? ¶ *Iohn Rugby!* giue-a ma pen an Inck! *tarche vn pettit!* tarche a little! [*The Doctor writes.* 80

Sim. O God! what a furious man is this!

44 Quic. Nay, it is well he is no worse: I am glad he is so quiet.

I. iv. 56-84.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

y^e French Doctor, my Maister, (I may call him my 'Maister,' looke you, for I keepe his house; and I wash, ring, brew, bake, scowre, dresse meat and drinke, make the beds, and doe all my selfe,) 88

Simp. 'Tis a great charge to come vnder one bodies hand!

Qui. Are you a-uis'd o'that? you shall finde it a great charge! and to be vp early, and down late! But notwithstanding, (to tell you in your eare, I wold haue no words [92 of it,] my Maister himselve is in loue with Mistris *Anne Page*: but notwithstanding that, I know *Ans* mind! that's neither heere nor there. 95

Caius. [*to SIMP.*] You, *Iack 'Nape*! giue-a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*! by gar, it is a shallenge! I will cut his troat in de Parke! and I will teach a scuruy *Iack-a-nape* Priest to meddle, or make:—You may be gon! it is not good you [99 tarry here! [*Exit SIMP.*] ¶ By gar, I will cut all his two stones! by gar, he shall not haue a stone to throw at his dogge! 102

Qui. Alas! he speakes but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter'a ver dat. Do not you tell-a-me dat I shall haue *Anne Page* for my selfe? By gar, I will kill de *Iack*-Priest! and I haue appointed mine Host of de *Iarteer* to measure our weapon! By gar, I wil my selfe haue *Anne Page*! 108

Qui. Sir, the maid loues you; and all shall bee well! We must giue folkes leane to prate! what, the good-ier!

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me! [*To QUI.*] By gar, if I haue not *Anne Page*, I shall turne your head out of my dore! ¶ Follow my heeles, *Rugby*! 111

Qui. You shall haue *An*—[*Exeunt CAIUS & RUGBY.*] Fooles head of your owne! No! I know *Ans* mind for that! neuer a woman in *Windsor* knowes more of *Ans* minde then I doe, nor can doe more then I doe with her, I thanke heauen! 115

112. *An . . Fooles*] P. A. Daniel conj. An-fooles F.

45 *Doc.* Here! giue dat same to sir Hu! It ber ve chalenge. Begar, tell him I will cut his nase, will you? 96-100

Sim. I, sir! He tell him so!

48 *Doc.* Dat be vell. ¶ My *Rapier*, *Iohn Rugby*! follow may! 111
[*Exit Doctor, & Rugby.*]

Quic. VVell, my friend! I cannot tarry. Tell your Maister, He doo what I can for him [84; 30, p. 18]; and so, farewell!

51 *Sim.* Mary, will I. I am glad I am got hence! [*Exit omnes.*]

•

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Fenton. [without.] Who's with-in there? ho! 116

Qui. 'Who's there,' I troa? Come neere the house, I pray you!

Fen. How now, (good woman!) how dost thou? 119

Qui. The better, that it pleases your good Worship to aske!

Fen. What newes? how do's pretty Mistris *Anne*? 122

Qui. In truth, Sir, and shee is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way: I praise heaven for it!

Fen. Shall I doe any good, thinkst thou? shall I not loose my suit? 127

Qui. Troth, Sir, all is in His hands above! But notwithstanding, (Master *Fenton*,) Ile be sworn on a booke, shee loves you. Have not your Worship a wart about your eye?

Fen. Yes, marry have I! what of that? 131

Qui. Wel, thereby hangs a tale: good faith, it is such another *Nan*; but (I detest,) an honest maid as ever broke bread! wee had an howres talke of that wart. I shall neuer laugh but in that maids company! But (indeed,) shee is [135] giuen too much to Allicholy and musing: but for you—well—goe to!—

Fen. Well: I shall see her to day! hold! there's money for thee! Let mee have thy voice in my behalfe! If thou see'st her before me, commend me,—— 140

Qui. Will I? I faith, that wee will! And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other wooers.

Fen. Well, fare-well! I am in great haste now. 144

Qui. Fare-well to your Worship! [*Exit FENTON.*] Truly an honest Gentleman! But *Anne* loves him not! for I know *Ans* minde as well as another do's. Out vpon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.* 148]

137. 20] too F.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Near PAGES House.

Enter Mistris PAGE, *with a Letter*; * (& later, Mistris FORD, Mafter PAGE, Mafter FRANK FORD, PISTOLL, NIM, QUICKLY, HOST, SHALLOW.)

Mist. Page. What! haue I scap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a fubie& for them? let me see! 3

[*Reads*] *Aske me no reason why I loue you; for though Loue vse Reason for his phycifian, hee admits him not for his Coun-sailour. You are not yong; no more am I! Goe to, then, there's simpatheie! You are merry; so am I! Ha, ha! then [7 there's more simpatheie! You loue sacke; and so do I! would you desire better simpatheie? Let it suffice thee, Mistris Page, (at the least, if the loue of a Souldier can suffice,) that I loue thee! I will not say, 'pitty mee!' 'tis not a Souldier-like phrase; but I say, 'loue me!'* 12

*By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight. JOHN FALSTAFFE.*

What a Herod of Iurie is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age, to shew

1. I] F om.	147, l. 5: 'My reasons, the Phisician to my loue.')
* See Q, below.	10. a] F3.
5. phycisian] Dyce (Johnson conj.). precisian F. (Cp. Sonnet	

[II. i.] *Enter* Mistrisse Page, *reading of a Letter.*

Mis Pa. [reads] Mistrisse Page, I loue you! Aske me no reason, 2 because they'r impossible to alledge. You'r faire, and I am fat. You loue sack; so do I. As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue, so I 4 know you haue no hart but to grant. A souldier doth not vse many words, where a¹ letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you, and so I leave you!

Yours, Syr Iohn Falstaffe. 15

Now, Ieshu blesse me! Am I methomorphised? I thinke I knowe not my selfe! Why, what a Gods name doth this man see in me,

* a a Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

himselfe a yong Gallant! What an vnwaied Behaviour hath this *Flemish* drunkard pickt (with the Deuills name!) out [19 of my conuerfation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, hee hath not beene thrice in my Company! What should I say to him? I was then Frugall of my mirth: (Heauen forgine mee!) why, Ile Exhibit a Bill in the [23 Parliament, for the putting downe of men! How shall I be reueng'd on him? for, reueng'd I will be, as fure as his guts are made of puddings! 26

*Enter Mifstresse FORD.**

Mif. Ford. *Miftris Page!* trust me, I was going to your house.

Mif. Page. And trust me, I was comming to you! you looke very ill. 30

Mif. Ford. Nay, Ile nere beleuee that! I haue, to shew to the contrary.

Mif. Page. Faith, but you doe, in my minde! 33

Mif. Ford. Well: I doe then! yet I say, I could shew you to the contrary. O *Miftris Page*, giue mee some counsaile!

Mif. Page. What's the matter, woman? 36

Mi. Ford. O, woman! if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mi. Page. Hang the trifle, (woman!) Take the honour! what is it? Dispendce with trifles! What is it? 40

*26. *Enter . . .] Q.*

31. *beleuee]* beleeee F.

- 10 that *thus* he shootes at my honestie? Well, but that I knowe my
 owne heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why,
 12 what an unreasonable woollack is this! He was neuer twice in my
 companie; and if then I thought I gaue such assurance with my
 eies, I de pul them out! they should neuer see more holie daies. Well,
 I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue, for his sake! [L. 48-9]
 16 O God, that I knew how to be reuenged of him! But in good
 time, heeres *Mistresse Foord!*

Enter Mistresse Foord.

- 18 *Mis. For.* *How now, Miftris Page!* are you reading Loue Letters? [I
How do you, woman? 37

Mis. Pa. O woman, I am I know not what! In loue vp to the
 hard eares! I was neuer in such a case in my life. 37, 39

II. i. 18-40.]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Mi. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, (for an eternall moment, or so,) I could be knighted! 42

Mi. Page. What? thou lieft! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hacke; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy Gentry. 45

Mi. Ford. Wee burne day-light: heere! read, read! [*Giues letter*] perceiue how I might bee knighted. I shall thinke the worse of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference of mens liking. And yet, hee would not sweare; praised [49 womens modesty; and gaue such orderly and wel-behaued reproofe to al vncomelineffe, that I would haue sworne his disposition would haue gone to the truth of his words; but they doe no more adhere and keep place together, then [53 the hundred Psalms¹ to the tune of 'Green-fleeces.' What tempest (I troa) threw this Whale (with so many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'shoare at *Windfor*? How shall I bee reuenged on him? I thinke the best way were, to enter- [57 taine him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust haue melted him in his owne greace. Did you euer heare the like?

Mis. Page. Letter for letter! but that the name of *Page* and *Ford* differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, heere's the twyn-brother of thy Letter! [*Giues it*] but let thine inherit first! for (I protest,) mine neuer [63 shall! I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blanke-space for different names, (sure, more): and these are of the second edition: hee will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what hee puts into the presse, when he [67 would put vs two. I had rather be a Giantesse, and lye vnder Mount *Pelion*! Well, I will find you twentie lasciuious Turtles, ere one chaste man! 70

49. *praised*] Theobald. praise F. | here it may stand for 'the .150.
¹ *Hundredth Psalm*, Rowe. But | Psalmes of Dauid' (1539).
 'hundred' was used vaguely; and

22 *Mis. Ford.* In loue! Now, in the name of God, with whom?

Mis. Pa. With one that swears he loues me; and I must not
 24 choose but do the like againe. I prethee, looke on that Letter!

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like, line for line,
 word for word! [72, p. 26] Only the name of misteris Page, and
 misteris Foord disagrees: Do me the kindness to looke vpon this! 61
 28 *Mis. Pa.* Why, this is right my letter! O most notorious

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Mif. Ford. Why! this is the very same! the very hand!
the very words! What doth he thinke of vs? 72

Mif. Page. Nay, I know not! it makes me almost readie
to wrangle with mine owne honesty. Ile entertaine my selfe
like one that I am not acquainted withall; for sure, vnlesse
hee know some straine in mee, that I know not my selfe, hee
would neuer haue boarded me in this furie. 77

Mi. Ford. 'Boording!' call you it? Ile bee sure to keepe
him aboute decke. 79

Mi. Page. So will I! if hee come vnder my hatches, Ile
neuer to Sea againe. Let's bee reueng'd on him! let's
appoint him a meeting! giue him a shew of comfort in his
Suit, and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till hee hath
pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter. 84

Mi. Ford. Nay, I wil consent to act any villany against
him, that may not fully the charineffe of our honesty! oh
that my husband saw this Letter! it would giue eternall food
to his ieaiousie. 88

Mif. Page. Why, look where he comes! and my good
man too! Hee's as farre from ieaiousie as I am from giuing
him cause; and that, (I hope,) is an vnmeasurable distance.

Mif. Ford. You are the happier woman. 92

Mif. Page. Let's consult together against this greafie
Knight! Come hither! [They retire.

*Enter FRANK FORD, PAGE, PISTOLL, and NYM.**

Ford. Well: I hope it be not so!

Pist. Hope is a curtall-dog in some affaires: 96

94. *Enter . . . Nym*] Q.

villaine! Why, what a bladder of iniquitie is this! [71] Lets be
30 reuenged, *what so ere we do!* [L. 81]

Mis. For. Reuenged [56, p. 25]. *If we liue, weel be reuenged!*
32 O Lord, if my husband should see this Letter! *Ifaith, this would*
euene giue edge to his Ieaousie! 88

Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.

34 *Mis. Pa.* See where our husbands are! *Mine's* as far from
Ieaousie, as I am from *wronging* him. 90

36 *Pis. Ford,* the words I speake are *forst.* 100, p. 27
Beware! take heed! for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife: 97, 108, p. 27

II. i. 71-96.]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Sir Iohn affects thy wife!

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich & poor,
Both yong and old, one with another, (*Ford!*) 100
He loues the Gally-mawfry. *Ford*, perpend!

Ford. Loue my wife?

Pist. With liuer, burning hot! preuent; or goe thou,
Like Sir *Acteon* he, with *Ring-wood* at thy heeles. 104
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. 'The horne,' I say! Farewell! 107
Take heed! haue open eye! for theeues doe foot by night.
Take heed, ere sommer comes, or Cuckoo-birds do sing!

[*To NYM*] Away, sir Corporall *Nim*!

[*To PAGE*] Beleuee it, *Page*! he speakes sence. [*Exit.**]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this! 112

Nim. [*to PAGE*] And this is true: I like not the humor of
lying. Hee hath wronged mee in some humors: I should
haue borne the humour'd Letter to her; but I haue a sword;
and it shall bite vpon my necessitie. He loues your [*116*]
wife! There's the short and the long!
My name is Corporall *Nim*: I speake, and I auouch, 'tis true!
My name is *Nim*: and *Falstaffe* loues your wife! adieu!
I loue not the humour of bread and cheefe; and theres the
humor of it.† Adieu! [*Exit NYM.* 121]

Page. 'The humour of it,' (quoth'a?) Heere's a fellow
fights *English* out of his wits!

*111. *Exit*] *Exit Pistoll* Q.

†121. and . . . it] Q, Capell.

121. *Exit Nym*] Q.

123. *English*] F. humor Q.

When Pistoll lies, do this!

[*Draws his hand across his throat.*]

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young. 98

40 *Pis.* He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore: 99

None comes amis. I say, he loues *thy wife*! 107, 101

Faire warning did I giue; take heed! 109

For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare. 109

44 ¶ *Page*, beleuee *him*, what he ses! ¶ *Away*, sir Corporall *Nym*! 110

[*Exit Pistoll.*]

Nym. [*to Page*] *Syr*, the humor of *it* is, he loues your wife. I

should ha borne the humor Letter to her: I speake, and I auouch

tis true! My name is *Nym*. *Farewell*! I loue not the humor of

48 bread and cheese; and theres the humor of it! [*Exit NYM.* 115-121]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Ford. I will feeke out *Falstaffe*!
Page. I neuer heard fuch a drawling-affecting rogue. 125
Ford. If I doe finde it; well!
Page. I will not beleewe fuch a *Cataian*, though the Priest
o' th'Towne commended him for a true man!
Ford. 'Twas a good fenfible fellow; well! 129
Page. [to his Wife] How now, *Meg*?
Mist. Page. Whether goe you, *George*? Harke you!
Mist. Ford. How now, (sweet *Frank*,) why art thou
melancholy? 133
Ford. I melancholy? I am not melancholy! Get you
home! goe!
Mist. Ford. Faith, thou haft some crochets in thy head!
¶ Now, will you goe, *Mistris Page*? 137
Mist. Page. Haue with you! ¶ You'll come to dinner,
George? [Sees QUICKLY] ¶ Looke who comes yonder! shee
shall bee our Messenger to this paltrie Knight.
Mist. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her! shee'll fit it! 141

*Enter Mistresse QUICKLY.**

Mist. Page. You are come to see my daughter *Anne*?
Qui. I, forfooth! and, I pray, how do's good *Mistresse*
Anne? 144

*141. *Enter . . . Quickly*] Q.

Pa. 'The humor of it,' quoth you? Heres a fellow frites *humor*
50 out of his wits! 123
Mis. Pa. How now, sweet hart? how dost thou? 133
52 *Pa.* How now, *Meg*?¹ ¶ How do you, *mistris Ford*? 130
Mis. For. Well, I thanke you, good *M. Page*! How now,
husband? how chaunce thou art so melancholy? 133
Ford. Melancholy? I am not melancholy! Goe, get you in!
56 goe! 135
Mis. For. [to *Mis. Page*] God saue me! see who yonder is! [139
Weele set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis. Pa. O, sheele serue excellent! 141

Enter Mistresse QUICKLY.²

60 ¶ Now, you come to see my daughter *An*, I am sure. 142
Quic. I, forsooth; that is my coming! 143

¹ man Q.

² after line 51 Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Mis. Page. Go in with vs and see! we haue an houres talke with you.

[*Mis. PAGE, Mis. FORD, & QUI. go into PAGES house.*¹

Page. How now, Maister Ford? 147

For. You heard what this knaue told me, did you not?

Page. Yes, and you heard what the other told me.

Ford. Doe you thinke there is truth in them? 150

Page. Hang 'em, slaues! I doe not thinke the Knight would offer it. But these that accuse him in his intent towards our wiues, are a yoake of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of seruice! 154

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it neuer the better for that. Do's he lye at the Garter? 158

Page. I, marry, do's he. If hee should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turne her loofe to him; and what hee gets more of her, then sharpe words, let it lye on my head! 162

Ford. I doe not misdoubt my wife; but I would bee loath to turne them together. A man may be too confident. I would haue nothing lye on my head. I cannot be thus satisfied. 165

Page. Looke where my ranting-Hoft of the Garter comes!

¹ *Mis. Page . . . house. See Q. below.*

62 *Mis. Pa.*¹ *Come, go in with me! Come, Mistresse Ford!* 145
Mis. For. *I follow you, Mistresse Page.*

[*Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.*

64 *For. Maister Page,* did you heare what these fellows said? 148

Pa. Yes, Maister Ford! What of that, sir? 147-9

For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs? 148, 150

Pa. No, by my troth, do I not! I rather take them to be paltry lying
 68 knaues, such as rather speakes of enuie, then of any certaine they
 haue of any thing. And for the knight; perhaps he hath spoke
 merrily, as the fashion of fat men is.² But should he loue my wife,
 ifaith Ide turne her loose to him: and what he got more of her,
 72 then ill looks, and shrowd words; why, let me beare the penaltie
 of it! 162

For. Nay, I do not mistrust my wife; yet Ide be loth to turne
 75 them together. A man may be too confident. 163-4

¹ Ba Q.

² are Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

there is eyther liquor in his pate, or mony in his purse, when hee lookes so merrily.

Enter Host and SHALLOW.*

¶ How now, mine Host! 169

Host. How now, Bully-Rooke! thou'rt a Gentleman.

¶ Caeleiro Iustice, I say!

Shal. I follow, (mine Host,) I follow! ¶ Good-euen, and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, wil you go with vs? we haue sport in hand. 174

Host. Tell him, Caeleiro-Iustice! tell him, Bully-Rooke!

Shall. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, betweene Sir Hugh the Welch Priest, and Caius the French Doctor. 177

Ford. Good mine Host o'th' Garter! a word with you!

Host. What saist thou, my Bully-Rooke? 179

[† FORD and the Host talke apart.]

Shal. [to PAGE] Will you goe with vs to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and (I thinke,) hath appointed them contrary places; for (beleue mee,) I heare the Parson is no Iester. Harke! I will tell you what our sport shall be. [SHAL. & PAGE talke apart. 184

[HOST & FORD come forward.]

*168. Enter . . . Shallow] Q.

†179. Ford . . . talke] Q.

76 Pa. Here comes my ramping Host of the Garter! Ther's either lickor in his *head*, or mony in his purse, *that* he lookes so merrily. 166-8

Enter Host and Shallow.¹

¶ Now, mine Host? 169

Host. God blesse you, my bully-rookes! God blesse you! ¶ Caelera

80 Iustice, I say! 171

Shal. *At hand*, (mine Host,) *at hand*! ¶ Maister Ford, god den to you! ¶ God den an twentie, good Maister Page! I tell you, sir, we haue sport in hand.

84 Host. Tell him, caelera Iustice! tell him, bully rooke! 175

Ford. Mine Host *a* the Garter!

Host. What ses my bully rooke?

Ford. A word with you, sir. 178 [Ford and the Host talke.

88 Shal. Harke you, sir! Ile tell you what the sport shall be: [184 Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight [177]; my merrie Host hath had the measuring of their weapons, and hath appointed them 91 contrary places. Harke in your eare! 183

¹ after 'confident,' line 75 Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Host. Haft thou no fuit againſt my Knight? my gueſt-
Cauaieire?

Ford. None, I proteſt! but Ile giue you a pottle of burn'd
ſacke, to giue me recourſe to him, and tell him my name is
Brooke: onely for a ieſt. 189

Host. My hand, Bully! Thou ſhalt haue egreſſe and
regreſſe, (ſaid I well?) and thy name ſhall be *Brooke*.* It
is a merry Knight! ¶ Will you goe, An-heires¹? 192

Shal. Haue with you, mine Hoſt!

Page. I haue heard the *French-man* hath good ſkill in his
Rapier. 195

Shal. Tut, ſir! I could haue told you more: In theſe
times you ſtand on diſtance, your Paſſes, Stoccado's, and I
know not what. 'Tis the heart, (*Maſter Page*,) ! 'tis heere, 'tis
heere! I haue ſeene the time, with my long-fword, I would
haue made you fowre tall fellowes ſkippe like Rattes. 200

Host. Heere, boyes! heere, heere! ſhall we wag? 201

187. *Ford*] Q3. *Shal. F.*

*191. *Brooke*] Q. (See '*Brookes*
... that ore'flowes ſuch liquor,' II.
ii. 135.) *Broome F.* throughout.

¹ *An-heires.* ?an invention of
the Hoſt's, for Dutch '*een Heer*, a
Lord, a Maſter, or a Sir;' or, for
Mynheers.

92 *Host.* Haſt thou no ſhute againſt my knight, my gueſt, *my*
cauellira? 186

For. None, I proteſt! But tell him my name is *Brooke*,¹ onlie
for a ieſt.

96 *Host.* My hand, Bully! Thou ſhalt haue egres and regres, and
thy name ſhall be *Brooke*. Sed I well, *bully Hector*? 191

Shal. I tell you what, Maſter Page; I beleeeue the *Doctor* is no
Ieſter [183]; *heele laie it on!* *For* tho we be Iuſtices and Doctors,
100 and Church-men, yet we are the ſonnes of women, Maſter Page.
[II. iii. 40-42, p. 45]

Pa. True, Maſter Shallow.

Shal. It will be found ſo, Maſter Page. [II. iii. 43-4, p. 45]

104 *Pa.* Maſter Shallow, you your ſelfe haue bene a great fighter,
tho now a man of peace. [II. iii. 36-7, p. 45]

Shal. Maſter Page *I haue ſeene the day that yong tall fellowes*
with their ſtroke & their paſſado, I haue made them trudge, Maſter
108 *Page!* *A, tis the hart, the hart doth all!* I haue ſeene the day,
with my *two-hand ſword* I would a made you foure tall *Fencers*
ſcippe² like Rattes. 188-200

111 *Host.* Here, boyes! ſhall we wag, *shall we wag?* 201

¹ *Rooke Q.*

² ſcipped Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Page. Haue with you! I had rather heare them scold, then fight. [* *Exit Host, and SHALLOW, & PAGE.* 203]

Ford. Though *Page* be a secure foole, and stands so firmly on his wiues frailty, yet I cannot put-off my opinion so easly: She was in his company at *Pages* house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I wil looke further into't! [207 and I haue a disguise, to found *Falstaffe*. If I finde her honest, I loofe not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed! [*Exit.* 210]

Actus Secundus. Scœna Secunda.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, (& later, ROBIN, QUICKLY, BARDOLFFE, FORD.)

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny!

Pist. Why, then the world's mine Oyster, which I, with fword, will open.—I will retort the sum in equipage! * 3

Fal. Not a penny! I haue beene content (Sir,) you should lay my countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*; (or else you had look'd through the grate, like a [7

*203. *Exit . . . Shallow*] Q. 210. *Exit*] Exeunt F.
†3. *I . . . equipage*] Q.

112 *Shal.* Ha with you, mine host! [*Exit Host and Shallow.* 203
Pa. Come, Maister Ford, shall we to dinner? I know these fellows sticks in your minde.

For. No, in good sadnesse, not in mine! (Yet, for all this, Ile try it
116 further [207]; I will not leaue it so.) Come, Maister Page, shall we to dinner?

118 *Pa.* With all my hart, sir! Ile follow you. [*Exit omnes.*

[II. ii.] *Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.*

Fal. Ile not lend thee a peny! 1

Pis. I will retort the sum in equipage! 3

Fal. Not a pennie! I haue beene content you shuld lay my
4 countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for 3.
repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow Nym, (else you might a [7

II. i. 202-210; ii. 1-7.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Geminy of Baboones;) I am damn'd in hell, for swearing [8
to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-
fellowes. And when Mistrisse *Briget* lost the handle of her
Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadst it not. 11

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fiftene pence? 11

Fal. Reason, you roague! reason! thinkst thou Ile endanger
my soule, *gratis*? At a word, hang no more about mee! I
am no gibbet for you: goe! a short knife, and a throng! [15
To your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*! goe! 'You'll not beare a
Letter for mee,' you roague! you stand vpon your 'honor!'
Why (thou vnconfinable baseness!) it is as much as I can doe
to keepe the termes of my honor¹ precise: I, I, I my [19
selfe sometimes, (leaning the feare of Heauen on the left hand,
and hiding mine honor in my necessity,) am faine to shuffle,
to hedge, and to lurch; and yet, you, Rogue, will en-fonce
your raggs, your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice [23
phrases, and your bold-beating-oathes, vnder the shelter of
your 'Honor'! 'you will not doe it'? you! 25

Pist. I doe relent! what would thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. Sir, here's a woman would speake with you. 27

Fal. Let her approach! [Exit ROBIN.

¹ honor] honor F.

6 looked thorow a grate like a geminy of Babones,) I am damned in
hell for swearing to Gentlemen, you'r good souldiers and tall
8 fellowes. And when mistrisse *Briget* lost the handle of her Fan, I
tooke 't¹ on my honour² thou hadst it not. 11

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fiftene pence? 12

Fal. Reason, you rogue! reason! *Doest* thou thinke Ile in-
12 danger my soule gratis? *In briefe*, hang no more about mee! I am
no gybit for you! A short knife and a throng! To your manner
of *Pickt-Hatch*, goe! 'Youle not beare a Letter for me,' you rogue,
you! You stand vpon your 'honor'! Why, (thou vnconfinable [18
baseness, *thou!*) tis as much as I can do to keepe the termes of my
honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, (leaning the feare of *God*
on the left hand,) am faine to shuffle, to *filch* & to lurch. And yet
you stand vpon your 'honor', you rogue! You, you! 17, 25

20 *Pis.* I do recant! what wouldst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, go to! away! no more!

¹ took't F. tooked Q.

² honour F. ho- Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Enter Mistresse QUICKLY, usher'd by ROBIN.*

- Qui.* Giue your worship good morrow ! 29
Fal. Good-morrow, good-wife !
Qui. Not so, and't please your worship. 31
Fal. Good maid, then !
Qui. That I am,† Ile be sworne ;
 As my mother was, the first houre I was borne ! 34
Fal. I doe beleue the fwearer ! What with me ?
Qui. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word, or two ?
Fal. Two thousand, (faire woman !) and ile vouchsafe thee the hearing. 38
Qui. There is one Mistresse Ford, (Sir,) (I pray come a little neerer this waies :) I my selfe dwell with Master Doctor Caius :
Fal. Well, on ! 'Mistresse Ford,' you say. 42
Qui. Your worship saies very true. (I pray your worship come a little neerer this waies.)
Fal. I warrant thee, no-bodie heares : mine owne people, mine owne people ! 46
Qui. Are they fo ? Heauen blesse them, and make them his Seruants !
Fal. Well ! 'Mistresse Ford : ' what of her ? 49
Qui. Why, Sir, shee's a good-creature. Lord, Lord ! your Worship's a wanton ! well ! Heauen forgieue you, and all of vs, I pray——. 52

* *Enter . . Quickly*] Q.

†33. *That I am*] Q.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

- 22 *Quic.* Good you god den, sir ! 29
Fal. Good den, faire wife !
 24 *Quic.* Not so, ant like your worship.
Fal. Faire mayd, then.
Quic. That I am, Ile be sworne,
 As my mother was, the first houre I was borne. 34
 28 *Sir, I would speake with you in priuate !*
Fal. Say on, I prethy ! heeres none but my owne household. 42, 45
Quic. Are they so ? Now God blesse them, and make them his seruants ! Syr, I come from Mistresse Foord. 39
 32 *Fal.* So : 'from Mistresse Foord.' Goe on ! 49
Quic. I, sir, she hath sent me to you, to let you understand she hath receiued your Letter ; And, let me tell you, she is one stands upon her credit.
 36 *Fal.* Well, come, Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford ! 53
 II. ii. 29-52.] 34

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Fal. 'Miſtreſſe Ford!' Come, 'Miſtreſſe Ford!' 53

Qui. Marry, this is the ſhort, and the long of it: you haue brought her into ſuch a Canaries, as 'tis wonderfull! The beſt Courtier of them all (when the Court lay at *Windſor*) could neuer haue brought her to ſuch a Canarie! yet [57 there has beene Knights, and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you, Coach after Coach, letter after letter, gift after gift, ſmelling ſo ſweetly; all Muſke, and ſo ruſhling, (I warrant you,) in filke and golde; and in [61 ſuch alligant termes; and in ſuch wine and fuger of the beſt, and the faireſt, that would haue wonne any womans heart: and (I warrant you,) they could neuer get an eye-winke of her! I had my ſelfe twentie Angels giuen me [65 this morning,—but I deſie all Angels, (in any ſuch fort, as they ſay,) but in the way of honeſty:—and (I warrant you,) they could neuer get her ſo much as ſippe on a cup with the prowdeſt of them all; and yet there has beene Earles: [69 nay, (which is more,) Pentioners, but (I warrant you,) all is one with her. 71

Fal. But what ſaies thee to mee? be briefe, my good ſhee-*Mercurie!* 73

Qui. Marry, ſhe hath receiu'd your Letter: for the which ſhe thanks you a thouſand times; and ſhe giues you to notiſie, that her husband will be abſence from his houſe, betweene ten and eleuen. 77

Fal. 'Ten, and eleuen.'

Qui. I, forſooth! and then you may come and ſee the picture (ſhe ſayes,) that you wot of. Maſter *Ford*, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the ſweet woman leads an ill life with him! hee's a very iealouſie-man! ſhe leads a very frampold life with him, (good hart)! 83

Fal. 'Ten, and eleuen.' Woman! commend me to her! I will not faile her. 85

Quic. I, ſir, and as they ſay, ſhe is not the firſt hath bene led in a ſcholes paradise!

Fal. Nay, *prethy*, be briefe, my good ſhee *Mercury!* 72

40 *Quic.* Mary *ſir.* Sheed haue you meet her between eight and nine. [See III. v. 40-1, p. 71]

Fal. So! 'betweene eight and nine!' [III. v. 47, p. 71]

43 *Quic.* I, forſooth; for then her husband goes a birding. [46, 80; III. v. 38
[II. ii. 53-85.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Qui. Why, you fay well. But I haue another messenger [86 to your worship: Mistrisse *Page* hath her heartie commendations to you too: and let mee tell you in your eare, shee's as fartuous a ciuill modest wife, and one (I tell you,) that [89 will not misse you morning nor euening prayer, as any is in *Windfor*, who ere bee the other: and shee bade me tell your worship, that her husband is feldome from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I neuer knew a woman [93 so doate vpon a man! surely I thinke you haue charmes, la! yes, in truth! 95

Fal. Not I, I assure thee! setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I haue no other charmes. 97

Qui. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But I pray thee, tell me this: has *Fords* wife, and *Pages* wife acquainted each other, how they loue me? 100

Qui. That were a iest indeed! they haue not so little grace, I hope: that were a tricke indeed! But Mistris *Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page* of al loues: her husband has a maruellous infection to the little *Page*: and truly, [104 Maister *Page* is an honest man! Neuer a wife in *Windfor* leades a better life then she do's! Doe what shee will, say what she will, take all, pay all, goe to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will! And truly she deserues [108 it; for if there be a kinde woman in *Windfor*, she is one. You must send her your *Page*! no remedie! 110

88. too] to F.

44 *Fal.* Well, commend me to thy mistress; tel her I will not faile her. ¶ Boy, giue her my purse! 119 (p. 37)

Quic. Nay, sir, I haue another arant to do to you, from Misteris *Page*. 86

48 *Fal.* 'From Misteris *Page*'? I, prethy, what of her?

Quic. By my troth, I think you work by *Inchantments*, els they could neuer loue you as they doo. 94

Fal. Not I, I assure thee! Setting the attraction of my good

52 parts aside, I vse no other *inchantments*! 97

Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly; and let me tell you; [88] shees one that feares God, and her husband giues her leaue to do all; [89, 92, 103, 107] For he is not halfe so ielousie as Maister *Ford* is.

56 *Fal.* But harke thee, hath misteris *Page* & mistress *Ford*, acquainted each other how dearly they loue me? 100

58 *Quic.* O God, no, sir! there were a iest indeed! 101

II. ii. 86-110.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Why, I will.

111

Qu. Nay, but doe so, then; and looke you, hee may come and goe betweene you both; and, in any case, haue a nay-word, that you may know one anothers minde; and the Boy neuer neede to vnderstand any thing; for 'tis not good [115 that children should know any wickednes: 'olde folkes (you know,) haue discretion,' as they say, and know the world. 117

Fal. Farethee-well! Commend mee to them both! there's my purse! I am yet thy debter. ¶ Boy! Goe along with this woman! (This newes distracts me!) 120

[*Exeunt Mistresse QUICKLY & Boy.*]¹

Pist. This Puncke is one of *Cupids* Carriers. 121

Clap on more sailes! pursue! vp with your fights!

Giue fire! she is my prize; or Ocean whelme them all! 123

[*Exit.*]

Fal. Saift thou so, (old *Iacke*,) go thy waies! Ile make more of thy olde body then I haue done! Will they yet looke [125 after thee? wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good Body, I thanke thee! let them say 'tis grossely done; so it bee fairely done, no matter! 128

Enter BARDOLFE, with a cup of sacke.*

Bar. Sir *Iohn*, there's one Master *Brooke* below, would faine speake with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a mornings draught of Sacke.

Fal. 'Brooke,' is his name? [*Drinks*] 132

Bar. I, Sir!

Fal. Call him in! such 'Brookes' are welcome to [134

¹ See Q, l. 61, below.

* 128. *Enter Bardolfe*] Q.

*Fal.*¹ Well, farwel! commend me to *misteris Ford*, 'I will not 60 faile her,' say! 118

Quic. God be with your worship!

[III. v. p. 70

[*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*]

Enter Bardolfe, with a cup of sacke.

62 *Bar.* Sir, *heer's a Gentleman*, one Maister *Brooke*, would speak with you. *He* hath sent you a cup of sacke. 129-131

64 *Fal.* 'Maister Brooke'! *hees welcome!* Bid him come vp! Such 'Brookes' are *alwaies* welcome to me! [*Exit BAR.*] ¶ *A*, Iack, will 66 thy old bodie yet hold out? Wilt thou, after the expence of [126

¹ Fol. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

mee, that ore'flowes such liquor! [*Exit BARDOLPH.*] ¶ Ah
ha, Mistresse Ford, and Mistresse Page! haue I encompaſs'd
you? Goe to! *via*! 137

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised like BROOKE.*¹

Ford. 'Bleſſe you, ſir! 138

Fal. And you, ſir! Would you ſpeake with me?

Ford. I make bold, to preſſe (with ſo little preparation)
vpon you. 141

Fal. You'r welcome! what's your will? ¶ Giue vs leaue,
Drawer! [*Exit BARDOLPH.*

Ford. Sir, I am a Gentleman that haue ſpent much: my
name is Brooke. 145

Fal. Good Maſter Brooke, I deſire more acquaintance
of you. 147

Ford. Good Sir Iohn, I ſue for yours! not to charge you;
for I muſt let you vnderſtand, I thinke my ſelfe in better
plight for a Lender, then you are: the which hath ſomething
emboldned me to this vnſeaſon'd intruſion: for they ſay, 'if
money goe before, all waies doe lye open.' 152

Fal. Money is a good Souldier, (Sir!) and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I haue a bag of money heere troubles
me: if you will helpe to beare it (Sir Iohn,) take all, or halfe,
for eaſing me of the carriage! 156

¹ See Q, below.

so much mony, be now a gainer? Good bodie, I thanke thee! [127
68 and Ile make more of thee then I ha done. Ha, ha, Miſteris [125
Ford, and Miſteris Page, haue I caught you a the hip? go to! 136

Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.

70 For. God ſaue you, ſir!

Fal. And you too! Would you ſpeak with me? 139

72 For.² Mary, would I, ſir! I am ſomewhat bolde to trouble you.
My name is Brooke. 142, 145

Fal. Good Maſter Brooke, you'r verie welcome! 146

For. Ifaith, ſir, I am a gentleman and a trauellor, that haue ſeen
76 ſomewhat [144-5]. And I haue often heard that 'if mony goes
before, all waies lie open.' 152

Fal. Mony is a good ſouldier, ſir, and will on. 153

For. Ifaith, ſir, and I haue a bag here: would you wood helpe me
80 to beare it! 156

¹ too Q.

² Fal. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserue to bee your Porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will giue mee the hearing.

Fal. Speake, (good Master Brooke!) I shall be glad to be
your Seruant. 160

Ford. Sir, I heare you are a Scholler: (I will be briefe with you,) and you haue been a man long knowne to me, though I had neuer so good means, as desire, to make my selfe acquainted with you. I shall discouer a thing to [164] you, wherein I must very much lay open mine owne imperfection; but, (good Sir *Iohn*,) as you haue one eye vpon my follies, as you heare them vnfolded, turne another into the Register of your owne, that I may passe with a reproofe [168] the easier, sith you your selfe know how easie it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, Sir; proceed! 171

Ford. There is a Gentlewoman in this Towne; her husbands name is *Ford*.

Fal. Well, Sir?

Ford. I haue long lou'd her, and (I protest to you,) bestowed much on her; followed her with a doating obseruance; Ingross'd opportunities to meete her; fee'd euery flight occasion that could but nigardly giue mee sight of [178] her; not only bought many presents to giue her, but haue giuen largely to many, to know what shee would haue giuen: briefly, I haue pursu'd her, as Loue hath pursued mee, which hath beene on the wing of all occasions; but whatsoeuer [182] I haue merited, (either in my minde, or in my meanes,) meede, (I am sure) I haue receiued none, vnlesse Experience be a Iewell. That, I haue purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught mee to say this,— 186

Fal. O Lord! would I could tell how to deserue to be your
82 porter! 157

For. That may you easily, sir *Iohn*! [158] I haue an earnest
84 sute to you. But, good sir *Iohn*, when I haue told you my grieffe,
cast one eie of your owne estate, since your selfe know what tis to be
such an offender.

Fal. Verie well, sir; proceed!

88 *For.* Sir, I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife of this Towne.
Now, sir *Iohn*, you are a gentleman of good discoursing, well be-
90 loved among Ladies, a man of such parts that might win 20. such
as she. [p. 40, l. 202, 203]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

*"Loue like a shadow flies, when substance Loue pursues,
"Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues!"*

Fal. Haue you receiu'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands? 190

Ford. Neuer!

Fal. Haue you impórtun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Neuer!

Fal. Of what qualitie was your loue, then? 194

Ford. Like a fair house, built on another mans ground; so that I haue loft my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose haue you vnfolded this to me? 198

For. When I haue told you that, I haue told you all. Some say, that though she appeare honest to mee, yet in other places shee enlargeth her mirth so farre, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, (Sir *Iohn*,) here is the [202 heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authenticke in your place and person, generally allow'd for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations. 206

Fal. O, Sir!

Ford. Beleeue it, for you know it. There is money! spend it, spend it, spend more! spend all I haue! onely giue me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this *Fords* wife. Vse your Art of [211

92 *Fal.* O, good sir! 207

For. Nay, beleeue it, *sir Iohn*, for tis time! Now my loue is so grounded vpon her, that (without her loue) I shall hardly liue.

Fal. Haue you impórtuned her by any means? 192

96 *Ford.* No, neuer, Sir!

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue, then? 194

Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon another mans foundation.

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me? 198

100 *For.* O sir, when I haue told you that, I haue¹ told you all; [217 for she, sir, stands so pure in the firme state of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come [217-20 against her with some detection, I should sooner perswade her from 104 her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice tearmes that sheele stand vpon. [222-3

¹ I haue F. I. Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

wooing; win her to content to you! If any man may, you may as soone as any! 213

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to your selfe very preposterously! 216

Ford. O, vnderstand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soule dares not present it selfe: shee is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my [220 hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could driue her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too-too strongly embattaild against me. What say you to't, Sir John? 225

Fal. Maister Brooke, I will first make bold with your money; next, giue mee your hand! and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Fords wife!

Ford. O, good Sir! 229

Fal. I say, you shall.

Ford. Want no money, (Sir John,) you shall want none!

Fal. Want no *Mistresse* Ford (Maister Brooke,) you shall want none! I shall be with her (I may tell you,) by her owne appointment,—(euen as you came in to me, her assistant, [234 or goe-betweene, parted from me:)]—I say I shall be with her betweene ten and eleuen; for at that time the iealous- [236

225. *to't*] too't F.

106 Fal. *Why*, would it apply well to the *veruensie* of your affection, that *another* should *possesse* what you would enjoy? Meethinks 108 you prescribe verie proposterously to your selfe! 216

Ford. *No, sir, for by that meanes should I be certaine of that which I now misdoubt.*

Fal. *Well*, Maister Brooke, Ile first make bold with your mony; 112 next, giue me your hand! Last*ly*, you shall *and* you will, enjoy Fords wife! 228

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. *Maister Brooke*, I say, you shall!

116 Ford. Want no mony, Syr John! you shall want none! 231

Fal. Want no *Misteris* Ford, Maister Brooke, you shall want none. Euen as you came to me, her *spokes-mate*, her go-between parted from me. I may tell you, *Maister Brooke*, I am to meet her between 120 8. and 9. [III. v. 112, p. 74] for at that time the Iealous *Cuckally*

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

rafcallly-knaue her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night! you fhall know how I speed. 238

Ford. I am bleft in your acquaintance! Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, (poore Cuckoldly knaue!) I know him not! Yet I wrong him to call him 'poore': They fay [242 the iealous wittolly-knaue hath maffes of money, for the which his wife feemes to me well-fauour'd. I will vse her as the key of the Cuckoldly-rogues Coffer, & ther's my harueft-home!

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, fir, that you might auoid him, if you faw him. 247

Fal. Hang him, mechanicall falt-butter rogue! I wil ftare him out of his wits! I will awe him with my cudgell! it fhall hang like a Meteor ore the Cuckolds hornes! Mafter *Brooke*, thou fhalt know, I will predominate ouer the [251 pezant, and thou fhalt lye with his wife. Come to me foone at night! *Ford's* a knaue, and I will aggrauate his ftile! Thou (Mafter *Brooke*), fhalt know him for knaue, and Cuck-old. Come to me foone at night! [Exit.* 255

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurian*-Rafcall is this! my heart is ready to cracke with impatience! Who faies this is im-provident iealoufie? My wife hath fent to him; the howre is

*255. *Exit*] Q.

121 knaue, her husband, wil be *from home*. Come to me *foone* at night! you fhall know how I speed, *Maister Brooke*. 238

Ford. Sir, do you know *Ford*?

124 *Fal.* Hang him, poore cuckally knaue, I know him not! *And* yet I wrong him to call him 'poore'; *For* they say the *cuckally* knaue hath *legions* of *angels*, for the which his wife seemes to me well fauored, *and* Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally *knaues* 245

128 Coffer; and there's my *randeuoues*! 245
Ford. *Meethinkes*, sir, *it were very good* that you knew *Ford*, that you might *shun* him. 247

Fal. Hang him, *cuckally knaue*! Ile stare him out of his wits; 132 Ile *keepe* him in awe with *this* my cudgell! It shall hang like a meator¹ ore the wittolly knaues *head*, [243] Maister Brooke, thou shalt see I will predominate ore the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Maister Brooke, thou shalt know him for knaue and 136 cuckold! Come to me soone at night! [Exit *Falstaffe*. 248-255

Ford. What a damned Epicurian is this! My wife hath sent *for* 138 him; the *plot* is *laid*! [259] Page is an Asse, a *foole*, a secure Asse! [268

¹ meteor F. meator Q.

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fixt; the match is made! Would any man haue thought [259 this? See the hell of hauing a false woman! My bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ranfack'd, my reputation gnawne at; and I shall not onely receiue this villanous wrong, but stand vnder the adoption of abhominable termes, and by him [263 that does mee this wrong! 'Termes!' names! *Amaimon* founds well: *Lucifer*, well: *Barbason*, well: yet they are Diuels additions, the names of fiends! But 'Cuckold! Wittoll! Cuckold!' the Diuell himselfe hath not such a name! [267 *Page* is an Ass, a secure Ass! hee will trust his wife, hee will not be iealous. I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my butter, *Parson Hugh* the *Welsh-man* with my Cheese, an *Irish-man* with my *Aqua-vitæ*-bottle, or a Theefe to walke my ambling [271 gelding, then my wife with her selfe. Then she plots; then shee ruminates; then shee deuises! And what they thinke in their hearts they may effect, they will breake their hearts but they will effect. Heauen bee prais'd for my iealousie! [275 'Eleuen o'clocke' the howre! I will preuent this, detect my wife, bee reueng'd on *Falstaffe*, and laugh at *Page*! I will about it! better three houres too soone, then a mynute too late! Fie, fie, fie! 'Cuckold! Cuckold! Cuckold!' [*Exit*.* 279

Actus Secundus. Scena Tertia.

Fields west of the Town.

Enter CAIUS, RUGBY, (& later, GEORGE PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST.)

<i>Caius. Iacke Rugby!</i>	1
<i>Rug. Sir.</i>	2

*279. *Exit*] Q. *Exit* F.

139 Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my Aquauita bottle, *Sir Hu* [270
140 (*our parson*) with my cheese, a theefe to walk my ambling gelding,
then my wife with her selfe! Then she plots, then she ruminates;
and what shee thinks in her hart shee may effect, shee breake her
hart but she will effect it. God be praised, God be praised, for my
144 iealousie! Well, Ile goe preuent him; the time drawes on. Better
an houre too soone, then a minit too late! Gods my life! Cuckold!
146 Cuckold! [*Exit Ford.* 279

[II. iii.] *Enter the Doctor and his man.*

1 *Doc. Iohn Rugby!* goe looke met your eies ore de stall, and spie
2 and you can see de parson.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

- Caius.* Vat is the clocke, *Iack*? 3
Rug. 'Tis past the howre (Sir) that Sir *Hugh* promis'd to meet.
Cai. By gar, he has faue his foule, dat he is no-come! hee
 has pray his Pible well, dat he is no-come: by gar (*Iack*
Rugby) he is dead already, if he be come! 7
Rug. Hee is wife, Sir: hee knew your worship would kill
 him if he came.
Cai. By gar, de herring is no dead, fo as I vill kill him!
 Take your Rapier, (*Iacke*!) I vill tell you how I vill kill him.
Rug. Alas, fir, I cannot fence! 12
Cai. Villanie! take your Rapier!
Rug. Forbeare! heer's company!
- Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, my Host, and SLENDER.¹*
- Host.* 'Blesse thee, bully-Doctor!
Shal. 'Saue you, *Maister Doctor Caius*! 16
Page. Now, good *Maister Doctor*!
Slen. 'Giue you good-morrow, fir!
Caius. Vat be all you (one, two, tree, fowre,) come for? 19
Host To see thee fight! to see thee foigne! to see thee
 trauerse! to see thee heere! to see thee there! to see thee
 passe thy puncto, thy stock, thy reuerse, thy distance, thy
 montant! Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my [*23*
Francisco? Ha, Bully! what saies my *Esculapius*? my *Galien*?
 my heart of Elder? Ha! is he dead, bully-Stale? is he dead?

¹ From Q, below. F om.

- 3 *Rug.* Sir, *I cannot tell whether he be there or no; but I see a*
great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier, *Iohn Rugby*! Begar, de Herring!¹
 6 be not so dead as *I shall make* him! 10
- Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.*
- 8 *Pa.* *God* saue you, Maister Doctor Cayus! 16
Shal. *How do you*, Maister Doctor?
Host. *God* blesse thee, my bully doctor! *God blesse thee*!
Doc. Vat be all you, (Van, to, tree,) com for, a? 19
Host. Bully! [*24*] to see thee fight, to see thee foine! to see thee
 12 trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there! to see thee passe the
 punto, the stock, the reuerse, the distance, the montance²! Is a dead,
 my francoyes? Is a dead, my *Ethiopian*? Ha, what ses my galen³?
 15 my *Esculapius*⁴? Is a dead, Bullies taile? is a dead? 25

¹ Hearing Q.

² Montnce Q.

³ gallon Q.

⁴ Esculapius Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Cai. By gar, he is de Coward-Iack-Priest of de world! He is not show his face! 27

Host. Thou art a *Castalion*, King Vrinall! *Hector* of Greece, (my Boy)! 29

Cai. I pray you, beare witnesse, that me haue stay, fixe or feuen, two, tree, howres for him, and hee is no-come! 31

Shal. He is the wiser man (*Maister Doctor*). He is a curer of foules, and you a curer of bodies: if you should fight, you goe against the haire of your professions. ¶ Is it not true, *Maister Page*? 35

Page. *Maister Shallow*! you haue your selfe beene a great fighter, though now a man of peace. 37

Shal. Body-kins, *Maister Page*, though I now be old, and of the Peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one! Though wee are Iustices, and Doctors, and Church-men (*Maister Page*), wee haue some falt of our youth in vs; we are the sons of women, (*Maister Page*!) ¹ 42

Page. 'Tis true, *Maister Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, *Maister Page*! ¶ *Maister Doctor Caius*, I am come to fetch you home: I am sworn of the Peace. You haue shew'd your selfe a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shewne himselfe a wise and patient Churchman: you must goe with me, *Maister Doctor*! 48

Host. Pardon, Guest-Iustice! ¶ A word, Mounseur Mockewater! 51

Cai. 'Mock-water'? vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* tongue, is Valour, Bully! 51

¹ See Q, on p. 31, abuv.

49. word] Q.

16 *Doc.* Begar, de preest *be* a coward Iack *knaue*! He dare not shew his face! 27

Host. Thou art a Castallian, king Vrinall! *Hector* of Greece, my boy! 29

20 *Shal.* He hath shewne himselfe the wiser man, Maister Doctor. [47, 32] Sir *Hugh* is a *Parson*, and you a Phisition. You must goe with me, Maister Doctor. 32, 46-8

Host. Pardon, *bully* Iustice! ¶ A word, Monsire Mockwater! 51

24 *Doc.* 'Mockwater,' vat *be*¹ dat?

Host. That is, in our English tongue, Vallor, Bully! *Vallor*! 51

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Cai. By gar, then I haue as much 'Mock-vater' as de *Englishman*. Scuruy-Iack-dog-Priest! by gar, mee vill cut his eares! 55

Host. He will Clapper-claw thee tightly, (Bully!)

Cai. 'Clapper-de-claw'? vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 58

Cai. By-gar, me doe looke hee shal 'clapper-de-claw' me; for, by-gar, me vill haue it!

Host. And I will prouoke him to't, or let him wag.

Cai. Me tanck you for dat. 62

Host. And moreouer, Bully,—([*Aside*] ¶ But first, *Master Ghueft*, and *Master Page*, & eeke *Caualeiro Slender*, goe you through the Towne to *Frogmore*.

Page. [*aside*] Sir *Hugh* is there, is he? 66

Host. [*aside*] He is there. See what humor he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about by the Fields. Will it doe well?

Shal. [*aside*] We will doe it.)

All. Adien, good *Master Doctor*! 70

[**Exeunt all but the Host and Doctor & RUGBY.*]

Cai. By-gar, me vill kill de Priest! for he speake for a *Iack-an-Ape* to *Anne Page*. 72

Host. Let him die! But first† sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy Choller! goe about the fields with mee

*70. *Exeunt . . . Rugby*] See Q, below. †73. *But first*] Q.

Doc. Begar, den I haue as [*much*] 'mockuater' as de *English Iack-dog knaue*! 53

28 *Host.* He will claperclaw thee, titely, Bully!

Doc. 'Claperclawe?' vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends. 58

Doc. Begar, I do looke he shal 'claperclaw' me *den*!

32 [*Host.*] And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag, and moreouer, Bully . . . ¶ But Maister Page and Maister *Shallow*, and eke cauellira Slender, go you *all ouer the fields* to *Frogmore*! 65

(Pa. Sir Hugh is there, is hee?)

36 *Host.* He is there. Goe see what humor hee is in. Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields: Will it do well? 68

Shal. We wil do it, *my Host.*) ¶ *Farwel*, Maister Doctor.

[*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*]

Doc. Begar, I will kill de cowardly *Iack preest*! He is make a 40 foole of moy. 72

Host. Let him die! *but first* sheth *your* impatience! throw cold water on *your* collar! *com*, go with me through the fields to *Frog-*

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

through *Frogmore*. I will bring thee where Mistris *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-houfe a Feasting: and thou shalt wooe her. Cride 'game'? said I well? 77

Cai. By-gar, mee dancke you vor dat! by gar, I loue you! and I shall procure-a you de good Gueft: de Earle, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my patients. 80

Host. For the which, I will be thy aduerfary toward *Anne Page*. Said I well?

Cai. By-gar, 'tis good! vell said!

Host. Let vs wag then!

Cai. Come at my heeles, *Iack Rugby*! [Exeunt. 84]

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

A Field near Frogmore.

Enter EUANS, SIMPLE, (& later, GEORGE PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, CAIUS, RUGBY.)

Euans. I pray you now, (good Master *Slenders* feruing-man, and friend *Simple* by your name,) which way haue you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himfelfe Doctör of Phificke? 4

Sim. Marry, Sir, the *Pittie*-ward, the *Parke*-ward; euery way: *Olde-Windfor* way, and euery way but the *Towne*-way.

Euan. I most fehemently desire you, you will alfo looke that way. 8

more; and Ile bring thee where Mistris *An Page* is a feasting at 44 a farm house; and thou shalt wear hir. Cried 'game'? Sed I wel, *Bully*? 77

Doc. Begar, excellent vel! [83] And if you speak pour moy, I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentelmen mon patinces. I, 48 begar, I sall! 79, 80

Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary to *Misteris An Page*. Sed I well? 82

Doc. I, begar! excellent!

52 *Host*. Let vs wag then.

Doc. Allons¹; allons, allons!

[Exeunt omnes.]

[III. i.] Enter *Syr Hugh* and *Simple*.

1 *Sir Hu*. I pray you do so much as see if you can espie Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence, or bring me vrde, if you 3 please now.

¹ alon Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

- Sim. I will, fir! [Exit. 9
 Euan. 'Pleffe my foule! how full of Chollors I am, and
 trempling of minde! I shall be glad if he haue deceined me!
 How melancholies I am! I will knog his Vrinalls about his
 knaues coftard, when I haue good oportunities for the orke!
 'Pleffe my foule! 14
- [Sings] *To shallow Riuers, to whose falls,
 Melodious Birds fings Madrigalls:* 16
*There will we make our Peds of Rofes,
 And a thousand fragrant pofies.* 18
To shallow—
- ('Mercie on mee! I haue a great difpofitions to cry—)
 [Sings] *Melodious birds fing Madrigalls:—*
When as I fat in Pablon:— 22
And a thousand vagram Pofies.—
To shallow, &c. 24

Re-enter SIMPLE.

- Sim. Yonder he is comming! this way, Sir *Hugh*!
 Euan. Hee's welcome! 26
- [Sings] *To shallow Riuers, to whose fals:—*
 ¶ Heauen prosper the right! What weapons is he?
 Sim. No weapons, Sir! There comes my Mafter, *Mafter*

15. Riuers] Riuers F.

-
- 4 Sim. I will, Sir! [Exit. 9
Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee! how my hart trobes, and trobes! 10, 11
 [Sings] *And then she made him bedes of Roses, . . .* 17
And a thousand fragrant poses, . . . 18
 8 *To shallow riueres. . . .* 15
 (Now, so had vdge me, my hart swelles more and more! Mee thinks
 10 I can cry verie well!) 20
 [Sings] ¹ *There dwelt a man in Babylon, . . .* 22
 12 *To shallow riuers, and to falles, . . .* 28
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles. . . . 16, 21

Re-enter SIM.

- Sim. Sir, *here is Maister Page, and Maister Shallow, comming*
 15 *hither as fast as they can!* 29-30, 25
-

¹ Ps. 137.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Shallow, and another Gentleman, from *Frogmore*, ouer the stile, this way. 31

Euan. Pray you, giue mee my gowne; or else keepe it in your armes. 33

*Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.**

Shal. How now, Master Parson? good morrow, good Sir *Hugh*! keepe a Gamester from the dice, and a good Student from his booke, and it is wonderfull! 36

(Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!)

Page. 'Saue you, good Sir *Hugh*!

Euan. 'Plesse you from his mercy-fake, all of you! 39

Shal. What! the Sword, and the Word? Doe you study them both, *Maister Parson*?

Page. And youthfull still! in your doublet and hose, this raw-rumaticke day? 43

Euan. There is reafons, and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to doe a good office, *Maister Parson*.

Euan. Fery-well! what is it? 47

Page. Yonder is a most reuerend Gentleman, who, (be-like) hauing receiued wrong by some person, is at most odds with his owne granity and patience, that euer you saw. 50

Shal. I haue liued foure-score yeeres, and vpward: I neuer

*33. *Enter . . .] Q.*

16 *Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my sword.* Pray, giue me my cowne too, marke you! 32

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender

18 *Pa. God saue you, Sir Hugh!*

Shal. God saue you, Maister Parson!

20 *Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake, now!* 39

Pa. What! the Word and the Sword? Doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reasons and causes in all things, I warrant you, now!

24 *Pa. Well, Sir Hugh! we are come to craue your helpe and furtherance in a matter.* 45-6

Sir Hu. What is it, I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith, tis this, sir Hugh! There is an auncient friend of 47

28 *ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily griene to see him. Now, Sir Hugh,*

31 *you are a scholler well-red, and verie perswasiae; we would intreate you to see if you could intreat him to patience.*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor

heard a man of his place, grauity, and learning, so wide of his owne respect.

Euan. What is he? 54

Page. I thinke you know him: *Master Doctor Caius*, the renowned *French* Physician.

Euan. Got's-will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a messe of porredge! 58

Page. Why?

Euan. He has no more knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*,—and hee is a knaue besides! a cowardly knaue, as you would desire to be acquainted withall! 62

Page. [to **SHAL.**] I warrant you, hee's the man should fight with him.

(*Slen.* O fweet *Anne Page*!) 65

Shal. [to **PAGE**] It appeares so by his weapons. Keepe them afunder! Here comes *Doctor Caius*! 67

*Enter Doctor & RUGBY and the Host. EUANS & CAIUS offer to fight.**

Page. Nay, good *Master Parson*, keepe in your weapon!

Shal. So doe you, good *Master Doctor*! 69

Host. Disarme them, and let them question! let them keepe their limbs whole, and hack our *English*!

Cai. [to **EUANS.**] I pray you let-a-mee speake a word with your eare. Wherefore vill you not meet-a me? 73

(*Euan.* Pray you, vse your patience in good time.)

Cai. By-gar, you are de Coward! de *Iack* dog! *Iohn Ape*!

Euan. (Pray you let vs not be laughing-stocks to other [76

*67. See Q, below.

32 *Sir Hu.* I pray you, who is it? Let vs know that!

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis *Doctor Cayus*. 55

Sir Hu. I had as leue you should tel me of a messe of poredge! He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue! And he is a coward beside.

36 *Pa.* Why, Ie laie my life tis the man that he should fight withall!

Enter Doctor & RUGBY and the Host. They [Sir Hu. & CA.] offer to fight.

37 *Shal.* Keep them asunder! take away their weapons! 67

Host. Disarme! let them question!

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our *English*!

Doc. [to **Sir H.**] Hark! van vrd in your eare! You be vn daga,

41 and de *Iack-coward preest*!

III. i. 52-76.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

mens humors! I desire you in friendship; and I will one way or other make you amends.) I will knock your vrinall about your knaues Cogs-combe for missing your meetings and appointments! *

Cai. Diable! ¶ *Iack Rugby!* ¶ mine *Host de Iarteer!* haue I not stay for him, to kill him? haue I not, at de place I did appoint?

Euan. As I am a *Christians-foule*, now, looke you! this is the place appointed! Ile bee iudgement by mine Host of the *Garter!*

Host. Peace, I say, *Gallia* and *Gaule*, *French & Welch*, Soule-Curer, and Body-Curer!

Cai. I, dat is very good, excellent!

Host. Peace, I say! heare mine Host of the *Garter!* Am I politicke? Am I subtle? Am I a *Machiuell?* Shall I loose my Doctor? No! hee giues me the Potions and the Motions! Shall I loose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir [92 *Hugh?* No! he giues me the Prouerbes, and the No-verbs! ¶ Giue me thy hand, Terestriall! so!† ¶ Giue me thy hand, Celestiall! so! ¶ Boyes of Art! I haue deceiue'd you both! I haue directed you to wrong places! Your hearts are [96 mighty; your skinnies are whole; and let burn'd Sacke be the

*79. for . . .] Q.

†94. Giue . . . Terestriall!¹ so] Q.

42 *Sir Hu.* (*Harke* you, let vs not be laughing-stockes to other mens humors!) *By Ieshu*, I will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your meetings and appointments!

Doc. O *Ieshu!* ¶ mine Host of de *Garter*, ¶ *Iohn Rogoby!* Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint? Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So had vdge me, this is the pointment place! ¶ *Witnes*, by my Host of the *Garter!*

Host. Peace, I say, *Gawle*, and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Wealch*, Soule-curer, and Bodie-curer!

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent!

Host. Peace, I say! Heare mine Host of the *Garter.* Am I wise? am I polliticke? am I Matchanil? Shall I lose my Doctor?

54 No! he giues me the motions and the Potions! Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu? No! he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes! ¶ Giue me thy hand, terestriall!¹ so! ¶ Giue me thy hand, Celestiall; so! ¶ Boyes of Art, I haue deceiued you both; I haue

58 directed you to wrong places! Your hearts are mightie, your² skins are whole. ¶ *Bardolfe!* laie their swords to pawne! ¶ Follow me, lads of peace, follow me! *Ha, ra, la!* Follow! [*Exit Host.* 89-99

¹ terestial Q.

² your F. you Q.

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

iffue! ¶ Come, lay their fwords to pawne! ¶ Follow me,
Lads* of peace! follow! follow! follow! [Exit.† 99

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host! follow, Gentlemen! follow!
(*Slen.* O sweet *Anne Page*!)

[*Exeunt all but CAIUS & RUGBY & EUANS.*

Cai. Ha! do I perceiue dat? Haue you make-a de sot of
vs? ha, ha! 103

Eua. This is well, he has made vs his vlowting-flog: I
desire you that we may be friends; and let vs knog our
praines together to be reuenge on this same scall-scuruy-
cogging-companion, the Host of the *Garter*! 107

Cai. By gar, with all my heart! he promise to bring me
where is *Anne Page*: by gar, he deceiue me too!

Euan. Well, I will fmitte his noddles! pray you, follow! 110
[*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

A Road.

*Enter Miftris PAGE, ROBIN, (& later, FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW,
SLENDER, HOST, EUANS, CAIUS, RUGBY & SIMPLE.)*

Mif. Page. Nay, keepe your way, little Gallant! You were
wont to be a follower; but now you are a Leader. Whether
had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your masters heeles? 3

Rob. I had rather (forfooth,) goe before you like a man,
then follow him like a dwarfe. 5

Mif. Pa. O, you are a flattering boy! Now I see you'll
be a Courtier. 7

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, miftris *Page*! whether go you? 8

*99. *Lads*] Q. Lad F.

†99. *Exit*] Q.

61 *Shal.* *Afore God*, a mad host! ¶ *Come, let us goe!* 99

[*Exeunt all but CAIUS & RUGBY & EUANS.*

62 *Doc.* I, begar, haue you *mocke* may thus? I will be euen met
you, my *lack* Host!

64 *Sir Hu.* Giue me your hand, Doctor *Cayus*! We be all friends!
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone!

66 *Doc.* I, dat be well! Begar, I be friends! [Exit omnes.

[III. ii.] *Enter Maister Foord.*

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my house. (¶ *Well,*
III. i. 98-110; ii. 1-8.] 52

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Pa. Truly, Sir, to see your wife. Is she at home? 9

Ford. I, and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I thinke, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry. 12

Mist. Pa. Be sure of that! two other husbands!

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cocke? 14

Mist. Pa. I cannot tell what (the dickens) his name is, my husband had him of. . . ¶ What do you cal your Knights name, firrah? 17

Rob. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

Ford. 'Sir! *Iohn! Falstaffe!*' 19

Mist. Pa. He, he! I can neuer hit on's name! There is such a league betweene my Goodman, and he! Is your Wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is!

M. Pa. By your leaue, fir! I am sicke till I see her. 24

[*Exeunt Mist. PAGE & ROBIN.*]

Ford. Has *Page* any braines? Hath he any eies? Hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleepe! he hath no vse of them! Why, this boy will carrie a letter twentie mile, as easie as a Canon will shoot point-blanke twelue score! [28] Hee peeces out his wiues inclination! he giues her folly, motion and aduantage! And now she's going to my wife! & *Falstaffes* boy with her! A man may heare this shovre ring in the winde! And *Falstaffes* boy with her! Good [32] plots, they are, laide! and our reuolted wiues share damnation together. Well, I will take him! then torture my wife; plucke the borrowed vaile of modestie from the so-seeming *Mistris Page*; divulge *Page* himselfe for a secure and [36] wilful *Acteon*; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry 'aime!' [*A Clock strikes.*] The clocke giues me my Qu, and my assurance bids me search. There I shall finde *Falstaffe*! I shall be rather praisd for this, [40] then mock'd; for it is as possitine, as the earth is firme, that *Falstaffe* is there: I will go! [Turns to go.]

wife, you had best worke closely, Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning!) I now wil seek my guesse¹ that comes to dinner; and, 4 (in good time) see where they all are come!

¹ guesse = guests.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

* Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, HOST, SLENDER & SIMPLE, Doctor CAIUS & RUGBY, and Sir HUGH EUANS.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, *Master Ford* ! 43

Ford. Trust me, a good knotte ! I haue good cheere at home, and I pray you all go with me. 45

Shal. I must excuse my selfe, *Master Ford*.

Slen. And so must I, Sir ! We haue appointed to dine with *Mistris Anne* ; and I would not breake with her for more mony then Ile speake of. 49

Shal. We haue linger'd about a match betweene *An Page*, and my cozen *Slender* ; and this day wee shall haue our answer.

Slen. I hope I haue your good will, *Father Page* ! 53

Page. You haue, *Master Slender* ; I stand wholly for you ;

¶ but my wife (*Master Doctor*,) is for you altogether. 55

Cai. I be-gar ! and de Maid is loue-a-me ! my nurf-a-Quickly tell me so much. 57

Host. What say you to yong *Master Fenton* ? He capers, he dances, he has eies of youth ; he writes verses, hee speakes holliday, he smels April and May. He wil carry't, he will carry't ! 'tis in his buttons ; he will carry't ! 61

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you ! The Gentleman is of no hauing ; hee kept companie with the wilde

* See Q, below.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

5 ¶ *By my faith*, a knot well met ! you'r welcome all ! 43, 44

Pa. I thanke you, good Maister Foord !

For. Welcome, good Maister Page ! I would your daughter were 8 here.

Pa. I thank you, sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. *Father Page* ! I hope I haue your consent for *Misteris Anne* ! 53, 48

12 *Pa.* You haue, sonne *Slender* ; but my wife here, is altogether for maister Doctor. 54-5

Doc. Begar, I tanck her hartily ! 56

Host. But what say you to yong Maister Fenton ? He capers, 16 he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles all April and May. He wil cary it, he wil can't ! 'Tis in his butones ! he wil cari'te. 61

18 *Pa.* My *Host*, not with my consent ! The gentleman is wilde ;

¹ Betmes Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Prince, and *Pointz*; he is of too high a Region; he knows too much. No! hee shall not knit a knot in his for- [65
tunes, with the finger of my substance! If he take her,
let him take her simply! The wealth I haue, waits on my
consent; and my consent goes not that way. 68

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you goe home with
me to dinner! Besides your cheere, you shall haue sport. I
will shew you a monster! ¶ *Maister Doctor*, you shal go; ¶ so
shall you, *Maister Page*, ¶ and you, *Sir Hugh*! 72

Shal. Well, fare you well! We shall haue the freer woing
at *Maister Pages*. [**Exeunt SHALLOW and SLENDER, & SIM.*
Cai. Go home, *John Rugby*! I come anon. [*Exit RUGBY.*
Host. Farewell, my hearts! I will to my honest Knight
Falstaffe, and drinke Canarie with him. [*Exit.** 77

Ford. (I thinke I shall drinke in Pipe-wine first with him.
He make him dance!) ¶ Will you go, Gentles?

All. Haue with you, to see this Monster! [*Exeunt.* 80

Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.

A Room in FORDS house.

Enter Mistresse FORD, Mistris PAGE (& later, 2 Seruants*
(JOHN & ROBERT), ROBIN, FALSTAFFE, FORD, PAGE,
CAIUS, EUANS.)

Mist. Ford. What, *John*! what, *Robert*!

I

*74, 77. See Q, below.

he knowes too much! If he take her, let him take her simply! for
20 my goods goes with my liking; and my liking goes not that way 68

For. Well, I pray go home with me to dinner! Besides your
cheare, He shew you wonders: He shew you a monster! You shall
go with me, Maister Page, ¶ and so shall you, sir Hugh, ¶ and you,
24 Maister Doctor! 69-72

S. Hu. If there be one in the company, I shal make two.

Doc. And dere be ven, to, I sall make de tird! [III. iii. 205-6.]

Sir Hu. In your teeth, for shame!

28 *Shal.* Wel, wel! God be with you! We shall haue the fairer
wooing at Maister Pages. 73-4 [*Exit Shallow, and Slender.*

Host. He to my honest knight, sir *John Falstaffe*, and drinke
Canary with him. [*Exit Host.* 77

32 *Ford.* (I may chance to make him drinke in pipe wine first!)
¶ Come, gentlemen! [*Exeunt omnes.*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Page. Quickly, quickly! ¶ Is the Buck-basket——

Mist. Ford. I warrant. ¶ What! *Robin*, I say!

Mist. Page. Come, come, come!

4

[*Enter 2 Servants, JOHN & ROBERT, with a great Buck-basket.**

Mist. Ford. Heere, fet it downe!

Mist. Pag. Giue your men the charge; we must be briefe.

7

Mist. Ford. Marrie, as I told you before, *John & Robert*, be ready here hard-by in the Brew-houfe; & when I sodainly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering,) take this basket on your shoulders! *That* done, trudge [11 with it in all hast, and carry it among the Whitfers in *Datchet* Mead; and there empty it in the muddie ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mist. Page. You will do it?

15

Mist. Ford. I ha told them ouer and ouer; they lacke no direction. ¶ Be gone! and come when you are call'd.

[*Exeunt*¹ *JOHN & ROBERT.*

Mist. Page. Here comes little *Robin*!

18

Enter ROBIN.

Mist. Ford. How now, my *Eyas-Musket*! what newes with you?

Rob. My *Maister*, Sir *John*, is come in at your backe doore, *Mistris Ford*, and requeste your company.

22

Mist. Page. You litle *Iack-a-lent*, haue you bin true to vs?

Rob. I, Ile be fworne! My *Maister* knowes not of your being heere, and hath threatned to put me into euerlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he fweares he'll turne me away.

26

*4. See Q, below. 13. *Datchet*] *Dotch* F. ¹ See Q, below.

[III. iii.] *Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.*

Mis. For. *Sirrha*, if your *Maister* aske you whether you carry this basket, say, 'to the *Launderes*!' [11, 12; III. iii. 129, p. 60.] *I hope you know how to bestow it!*

Ser. I warrant you, *misteris*!

4 *Mis. For.* Go, get you in! [*Exit seruants.*¹] ¶ Well, sir *John*, I belecue I shall serue you such a trick, you shall haue little mind to come againe!

¹ seruant Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Pag. Thou'rt a good boy! this secrecy of thine shall be a Tailor to thee, and shal make thee a new doublet and hose. ¶ Ile go hide me! 29

Mi. Ford. Do so! ¶ Go tell thy Master, I am alone. *[Exit ROBIN.]* ¶ *Mistris Page*, remember you your Qu! 29

Mist. Pag. I warrant thee! if I do not act it, hiss me! 32

Mist. Ford. Go to, then! we'll vse this vnwholsome humidity, this grosse-watry Pumpion! we'll teach him to know Turtles from Iayes! *[Mist. PAGE hides.]* 35

Enter Sir IOHN¹ FALSTAFFE.

Fal. 'Haue I caught' thee, 'my heauenly Iewell?' Why, now let me die, for I haue liu'd long enough! This is the period of my ambition! O this blessed houre!

Mist. Ford. O, sweet Sir *John*! 39

Fal. *Mistris Ford*, I cannot cog! I cannot prate, *Mistris Ford*! Now shall I sin in my wish! I would thy Husband were dead, (Ile speake it before the best Lord!) I would make thee my Lady! 43

Mist. Ford. I, your 'Lady,' Sir *John*! Alas, I should be a pittifull Lady! 45

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another! I fee who thine eye would emulate the Diamond! Thou hast the right arched-beauty of the brow, that becomes the Ship-tyre, the Tyre-valiant, or any Tire of *Venetian* admittance. 49

Mist. Ford. A plaine Kerchiefe, Sir *John*: My browes become nothing else, nor that well neither. 51

33. *to* too F.
1 See Q, below.

36. 'Haue . . .' Astroph. & Stella, 2nd Song, l. 1.

Enter Sir John.

Fal. 'Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?' Why, now let me [36 die! I haue liued long inough! This is the *happie* houre I haue desired to see! Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead! 41, 42

Mis. For. *Why, how then*, sir *John*? 39

12 *Fal.* *By the Lord*, Ide make thee my Ladie! 43

Mis. For. Alas, sir *John*, I should be a *verie simple* Ladie! 45

Fal. Goe to! [33] I see how thy eie *doth* emulate the Diamond! And how the arched bent of thy brow would become the Ship-tire, 16 the tire-vellet, or anie *Venetian* attire! I see it! 49, 46

Mis. For. A plaine kercher, sir *John*, would fit me better. 50

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Fal. Thou art a tyrant to say so! Thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier; and the firme fixture of thy foote, would giue an excellent motion to thy gate, in a semi-circled Farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come! thou canst not hide it. 56

Mist. Ford. Beleeue me, ther's no such thing in me!

Fal. What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee ther's something extraordinary in thee! Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, (like a-manie of these lipping-hauthorne buds, that come like women in [61 mens apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-berry* in simple time:] I cannot! but I loue thee! none but thee! and thou deferu'st it. 64

Mist. Ford. Do not betray me, sir! I fear you loue Mistris Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I loue to walke by the Counter-gate, which is as hatefull to me as the reeke of a Lime-kill. 69

Mist. Ford. Well, heauen knowes how I loue you! And you shall one day finde it.

Fal. Keepe in that minde! Ile deferue it. 72

Mist. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you doe; or else I could not be in that minde.

Rob. [within] Mistris Ford! Mistris Ford! Heere's Mistris Page at the doore, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildely, and would needs speake with you presently! 77

Fal. She shall not see me! I will ensconce mee behinde the Arras! [FALSTAFFE stands behind the Arras. 78

55. *not*? read 'but'.

*79. *Falstaffe . . . Aras*] Q.

Fal. *By the Lord*, thou art a traitor to saie so! What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee ther's somewhat extraordinarie 20 in thee! [58-9] *Goe to! I loue thee!* Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate [40, p. 57], like one of these *fellows* that smels like Bucklers-berie in simple time; but I loue thee, and none but thee!

Mis. For. Sir *John*, I am afraid you loue Misteris Page. 65

24 *Fal.* *I!* thou mightest as well saie I loue to walke by the Counter gate, which is as hatefull to me as the reake of a lime kill. 68

Enter Mistresse Page.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Ford, where are you? 75

Mis. For. O Lord, step aside, good sir *John*!

[*Falstaffe* stands behind the arras.]

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Ford. Pray you do so! she's a very tatling woman.

Re-enter Mistrresse PAGE, & ROBIN.*

¶ Whats the matter? How now? 81

Mist. Page. O, mistress *Ford*! what haue you done? You'r sham'd! y'are ouerthrowne! y'are vndone for euer!

Mist. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress *Page*? 84

Mist. Page. O weladay, mistress *Ford*! hauing an honest man to your husband, to giue him such cause of suspection!

Mist. Ford. What 'cause of suspection?' 87

Mist. Page. 'What cause of suspection?' Out vpon you! How am I mistooke in you!

Mist. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter? 90

Mist. Page. Your husband's comming hether, (Woman,) with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentleman, that he sayes is heere now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill aduantage of his absence! You are vndone! 94

Mist. Ford. ([*aside*] Speak louder! †) 'Tis not so, I hope!

Mist. Page. Pray heauen it be not so, that you haue such a man heere! But 'tis most certaine, your husband's comming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to serch for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know your [99 felse cleere, why, I am glad of it; but if you haue a friend here, conuey, conuey him out! Be not amaz'd! Call all your senses to you, defend your reputation, or bid farwell to your good life for euer! 103

Mist. Ford. What shall I do? There is a Gentleman my deere friend! and I feare not mine owne shame so much, as

*80. See Q, p. 58, at foot.

†95. *Speak louder*] Q. F om. (But it's wanted here too, to account for the repetition in lines 97-99.)
here, has it in IV. ii. 14, p. 78.

28 ¶ How now, Misteris *Page*! what's the matter? 81, 84

Mis. Pa. *Why*, your husband (Woman,) is coming, with halfe *Windsor* at his heeles, to looke for a gentleman that he ses is *hid* in his house; *his wifes sweet hart*! 91-98

32 *Mis. For.* [*Aside*] (Speak louder!) [IV. ii. 14.] *But* I hope tis not true, *Misteris Page*. 95

Mis. Pa. *Tis too true, woman! Therefore* if you haue *any* here, away with him! or you'r vndone for euer. 94, 103

36 *Mis. For.* *Alas, Mistrresse Page!* what shall I do? Here is a gentleman, my friend! *How shall I do?* 104

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

his perill. I had rather then a thousand pound he were out of the house! 107

Mist. Page. For shame! neuer stand you 'had rather', and you 'had rather'! Your husband's heere at hand! be-thinke you of some conueyance! in the house you cannot hide him. Oh! how haue you deceiue'd me! Looke, [111 heere is a basket! If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creepe in heere; and throw fowle linnen vpon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, (it is whiting time,) send him by your two men to Datchet-Meade. 115

Mist. Ford. He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [rushing from behinde the Arras] Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! Ile in, Ile in! Follow your friends counsell! Ile in! 119

Mist. Page. What! Sir Iohn Falstaffe! Are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I loue thee! Helpe mee away! Let me creepe in heere! ile neuer—— 123

[Goes into the Basket. They put cloathes ouer him.*

Mist. Page. [to ROBIN] Helpe to couer your master, Boy! ¶ Call your men, Mistris Ford! ¶ You dissembling Knight!

Mist. Ford. What, Iohn! ¶ Robert! ¶ Iohn! [Re-enter Seruants.] Go, take vp these cloathes heere, quickly! Wher's the Cowle-staffe? Look, how you drumble! Carry them to the Landresse in Datchet-mead! Quickly, come! 129

[The two Men carrie away the Basket. ¹FORD meetes it.

120. Falstaffe] Faistaffe F. *123. Goes . . . him] Q. ¹ See Q, below.

Mis. Pa. Godes¹ body, Woman! do not stand 'what shal I do', and 'what shall I do'. Better any shift, rather then you shamed!
40 Looke heere! here's a buck-basket! if hee be a man of any reasonable size, heele in here. 113

Mis. For. Alas, I feare he is too big!

Fal. [rushing forward] Let me see, let me see! Ile in, Ile in!
44 Follow your friends counsell! 119

Mis. Pa. Fie, sir Iohn! Is this your loue? Go to!

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee! Helpe me to conuey me hence; Ile neuer come here more! 123

[Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.

¹ Gode Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, & CAIUS.

Ford. 'Pray you come nere! if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your iest; I deferue it! [*Sees Seruants & Basket.*] ¶ How now! Whether beare you this? 133

Ser. To the Landresse, forsooth!

Mist. Ford. Why, what haue you to doe whether they beare it? You were best meddle with buck-washing. 136

Ford. 'Buck!' I would I could wath my selfe of y^e Buck! Bucke, bucke, bucke! I, bucke! I warrant you, Bucke, and of the season too; it shall appeare. [*Exeunt the 2 Seruants with the Basket, & ROBIN.*] Gentlemen, I haue 140 dream'd to night: Ile tell you my dreame: Heere, heere, heere bee my keyes! ascend my Chambers! searce, feeke, finde out! Ile warrant wee'le vnkennell the Fox! Let me stop this way first! [*Locks & bars the door.*] So, now vncape! 144

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented! You wrong your selfe too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*! ¶ Vp, Gentlemen! You shall fee sport anon! Follow me, Gentlemen! [*Exit.* 148

Euans. This is fery fantastickall humors and iealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of *France*: It is not iealous in *France*. 151

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen! see the yssue of his searce! [*Exeunt*¹ *PAGE, EUANS, CAIUS.*

Mist. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this? 154

Mist. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceiued, or Sir *Iohn*.

¹ *Exit Omnes Q.*

48 *Ford.* Come, pray, *along*, you shall see all! ¶ How now! *Who goes heere?* Whither goes this? *Whither goes it?* set it downe.

Mis. For. Now, let it go! you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. 'Buck!' good buck! ¶ *Pray come along!* ¶ Maister *Page*, 52 take my keyes! helpe to searce! ¶ Good Sir *Hugh*, pray come along! helpe a little, a little! Ile shew you all.

Sir *Hu.* By Ieshu, these are iealosies & distempers! 149
[*Exeunt omnes.*

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking! 157

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mist. Page. What a taking was hee in, when your husband askt who was in the basket! 158

Mist. Ford. I am halfe affraid he will haue neede of washing; so, throwing him into the water, will doe him a benefit.

Mist. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same straine, were in the same distresse! 162

Mist. Ford. I thinke my husband hath some speciall suspicion of *Falstaffs* being heere; for I neuer saw him so grosse in his ieaousie till now. 165

Mist. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and wee will yet haue more trickes with *Falstaffe*. His dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine. 168

Mist. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carion, *Mistris Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water, and giue him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mist. Page. We will do it! Let him be sent for to morrow, eight a clocke, to haue amends. 173

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, CAIUS.

Ford. I cannot finde him! May be, the knaue bragg'd of that he could not compasse.

Mist. Page. [*aside to Mist. FORD*] Heard you that? 176

169. *foolish*] foolishion F.

56 *Mis. [Ford]* I wonder what he thought when my husband bad them set downe the basket. 158

Mis. Pa. Hang him, dishonest slave! we cannot vse him bad enough! [IV. ii. 87-8, p. 80] This is excellent for your Husbands ieaousie! 165

Mi. For. Alas, poore soule! it grieues me at the hart; But this will be a meanes to make him cease his ieaous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.

64 *Mis. Pa. Nay*, we will send to *Falstaffe* once again! 'Tis [166, 169] great pittie we should leaue him. What!

Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too. [IV. ii. 90, p. 80]

Mi. For. Shall we be condemnd because we laugh?

68 'Tis old, but true: 'still sowes eate all the draffe.' [IV. ii. 94.]

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband! stand asidel

For. I can find no body within; it may be he lied. 174-5

(*Mis. Pa.* Did you heare that? 176

72 *Mis. For.* I, I! peace!

For. Well, Ile not let it go so! yet Ile trie further!

III. iii. 157-176.]

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Miſ. Ford. You viſe me well, *Maſter Ford*, do you?

Ford. I, I do ſo!

Miſt. Ford. Heauen make you better then your thoughts!

Ford. Amen! 180

Miſt. Page. You do your ſelfe mighty wrong, *Maſter Ford*!

Ford. I, I! I muſt beare it!

Eu. If there be any pody in the houſe, & in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the preſſes, Heauen forgiue my ſins at the day of iudgement! 185

Caius. Be gar, nor I too! there is no-bodies!

Page. Fy, fy, *Maſter Ford*! are you not aſham'd? What ſpirit, what diuell, ſuggeſts this imagination? I wold not ha your diſtemper in this kind, for y^e welth of *Windſor Caſtle*!

Ford. 'Tis my fault, *Maſter Page*! I ſuffer for it! 190

Euans. You 'ſuffer for' a pad conſcience! Your wife is as honeſt a o'mans, as I will deſires among five thouſand, and five hundred too!

Cai. By gar, I ſee 'tis an honeſt woman! 194

Ford. Well, I promiſd you a dinner! Come, come! walk in the Parke! I pray you, pardon me! I wil hereafter make knowne to you why I haue done this. ¶ Come, wife! ¶ Come, *Miſtris Page*! I pray you, pardon me! Pray hartly, pardon me! 199

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen! but (truſt me,) we'l mock him! ¶ I doe inuite you to morrow morning to my houſe

S. Hu. By *Ieſhu*, if there be any body in the *kitchin*, or [183 the *cuberts*, or the *preſſe*, or the *buttery*, I am an arrant *Iew*! 76 Now, *God plesſe me*!

[*Mis. FOR.*] You *serue* me well; do you not? 177

Pa. Fie, *Maister Ford*! you are *to blame*! 187

Mis. Pa. *Ifaith*, 'tis not well, *Maister Ford*, to ſuſpect her thus 80 without cauſe! [IV. ii. 138 (p. 82); 117, 119 (p. 81)]

Doc. No, by my trot, it be no well!

For. Wel, I pray *bear with me*! ¶ *Maister Page*, pardon me! [195 I ſuffer for it; *I ſuffer for it*! 190, &c.]

84 *Sir Hu.* You 'ſuffer' for a bad conſcience, *looke you now*! 191

Ford. Well, I pray, no more! *Another time* Ile tell you all: *The mean time, go dine with me.* ¶ Pardon me, wife, I am [198 *ſorie*. *Maister Page*, pray *goe in* to dinner! *Another time* [195, 198 88 Ile tell you all.]

Pa. Wel, let it be ſo! and to morrow I inuite you all to [201 my houſe to dinner; and in the morning weele a birding; I haue an excellent Hauke for the buſh. 203

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

to breakfast: after, we'll a Birding together; I haue a fine
Hawke for the bush. Shall it be fo? 203

Ford. Any thing!

Eu. If there is one, I shall make two in the Companie.

Ca. If there be one, or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you go, *Maister Page!* 207

Eua. [*to CAIUS*] I pray you now, remembrance to morrow
on the lowfie knaue, mine Host!

Cai. Dat is good! by gar! with all my heart! 210

Eua. A lowfie knaue, to haue his gibes, and his mockeries!

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius. Scœna Quarta.

A Room in PAGES House.

*Enter FENTON, ANNE PAGE, (& later, SHALLOW, SLENDER,
QUICKLY, Maister GEORGE PAGE, Miftris PAGE.)*

Fen. I fee I cannot get thy Fathers loue, 1
Therefore no more turne me to him, (*sweet Nan!*)

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fen. Why, thou must be thy selfe.

He doth obiect, I am too great of birth, 4
And that my fate, being gall'd with my expence,

92 *Ford.* Let it be so! Come, Maister Page! ¶ Come, wife! [197

I pray you come in all! you'r welcome! pray come in! [195-6, 198

Sir Hu. By so kad vdg me, Maister Fordes is not in his right
wittes! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

[In Q. this scene follows III. v.]

[III. iv.] *Enter Maister Fenton, Anne Page, and Mistresse
Quickly.*

Fen. Tell me, sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolute? 2

Shall foolish Slender haue thee to his wife?

Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?

4 Shall such as they, enioy thy maiden hart?

Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee, deare;

And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An. Good Maister Fenton, you may assure your selfe, 18, p. 65

8 My hart is settled vpon none but you.

'Tis as my father and my mother please: 19

Get their consent; you quickly shall haue mine.

¹ Exit Q.

III. iii. 202-211; iv. 1-5.]

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

I ſeeke to heale it onely by his wealth.
 Beſides theſe, other barres he layes before me,
 (My Riots paſt, my wilde Societies,) 8
 And tels me, 'tis a thing impoſſible
 I ſhould loue thee, but as a property.
An. May be, he tels you true.
Fen. No! Heauen ſo ſpeed me in my time to come! 12
 Albeit I will confeſſe, thy Fathers wealth
 Was the firſt motiue that I woo'd thee, *Anne*;
 Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more valew
 Then ſtampes in Gold, or ſummes in ſeal'd bagges: 16
 And 'tis the very riches of thy ſelfe,
 That now I ayme at!
An. Gentle Maſter *Fenton*!
 Yet ſeeke my Fathers loue! ſtill ſeeke it, fir!
 If opportunity and humbleſt ſuite 20
 Cannot attaine it, why then, harke you hither!
[They chat apart.]

* *Enter* SHALLOW, SLENDER,¹ & *Miſtris QUICKLY.*

Shal. Breake their talke, *Miſtris Quickly*! My Kinfman
 ſhall ſpeake for himſelfe.
Slen. Ile make a ſhaft or a bolt on't! ſlid, tis but venturing!
Shal. Be not diſmaid! 25
Slen. No, ſhe ſhall not diſmay me! I care not for that,
 but that I am affeard.

¹ See Q, l. 16-17.

Fen. Thy father *thinks* I loue thee for his wealth. 1, 6, 10
 12 *Tho* I muſt needs confeſſe, at firſt that drew me, 13
*Yet*¹ ſince thy vertues wiped that trash away,
I loue thee, Nan! and ſo deare is it ſet,
That whilſt I liue, I nere ſhall thee forget.
 16 *Quic.* Godes pittie! here comes her father!
Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.
Pa. Maſter *Fenton*, I pray, what make you here? 64, p. 67
 You know my anſwere, ſir; ſhees not for you: 68
 Knowing my vow, you² blame to uſe me thus.
 20 *Fen.* But heare me ſpeake, ſir! 70

¹ But Q.

² I read 'you'r t'

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Qui. [to ANN.] Hark ye! *Master Slender* would speak a word with you. 29

An. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my Fathers choice! O, what a world of vilde ill-fauour'd faults, Lookes handsome in three hundred pounds a yeere! 32

Qui. And how do's good *Maister Fenton*? Pray you, a word with you! [*They talk apart.*]

Shal. [to SLEN.] Shee's comming. To her, Coz! O boy, thou hadst a father! 36

Slen. I had a father, *Mist'ris An.*: my vnckle can tel you good iests of him. ¶ Pray you, Vnckle, tel *Mist'ris Anne* the iest how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Vnckle.

Shal. *Mist'ris Anne*! my Cozen loues you! 40

Slen. I, that I do! as well as I loue any woman in *Glocestershire*!

Shal. He will maintaine you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. I, that I will! come 'cut and long-taile,' as good as any is in *Glostershire*,* vnder the degree of a Squire. 45

*45. as . . . Glostershire] Q.

Pa. Pray, sir, get you gon! [62] ¶ Come hither, daughter!

¶ Sonne Slender, let me speak with you! [*They whisper.*] 70

Quic. [to FEN.] Speake to *Misteris Page*! 72

24 *Fen.* Pray, *misteris Page*, let me haue your consent! 73, 77

Mis. Pa. *Ifaith*, *Maister Fenton*, tis as my husband please. For my part, Ile neither hinder you, nor further you. 84, p. 68

Quic. [to FEN.] How say you? This was my doings. I bid you 28 speake to *misteris Page*. 90, p. 68

Fen. Here, nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink! [*Exit Fen.*] 94
what thou canst for me. Farwell!

Quic. By my troth, so I will, good hart! 95, 99

32 *Pa.* Come, wife, you an I will in. Weele leaue *Maister Slender* and my daughter to talke together. ¶ *Maister Shallow*, you may stay, sir, if you please. 70 [*Exeunt*¹ *Page* and his wife.

Shal. Mary, I thanke you for that! ¶ To her, Cousin! to her! 48

36 *Slen.* *Ifaith*, I know not what to say.

An. Now, *Maister Slender*, whats your will? 50, 52

Slen. Gode, so! theres a Iest indeed! [53] Why, *Misteris An*, I neuer made wil yet! I thank God, I am wise enough for that! 51-5

40 *Shal.* Fie, cusse! fie! thou art not right. O, thou hadst a father! 36

Slen. I had a father, *Misteris Anne*. ¶ Good Vnckle, tell the Iest how my father stole the Goose out of the henloft. 38-9

Exit Q.

66

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fiftie pounds ioynture.

Anne. Good Maifter *Shallow*, let him woo for himſelfe ! 47

Shal. Marrie, I thanke you for it ! I thanke you for that good comfort ! ¶ ſhe calſ you, Coz ; Ile leaue you ! [*Goes aſide.*]

Anne. Now, Maſter *Slender* !

Slen. Now, good Miſtris *Anne* ! 51

Anne. What is your will ?

Slen. My 'will' ? Odd's-hart-lingſ, that's a prettie ieſt indeede ! I ne're made my Will yet, (I thanke Heauen !) I am not ſuch a fickely creature, I giue Heauen praiſe ! 55

Anne. I meane, Maifter *Slender*, what wold you with me ?

Slen. Truly, for mine owne part, I wold little or nothing with you. Your father and my vncke hath made motions. If it be my lucke, fo ! If not, 'happy man bee his dole !' They can tell you how things go, better then I can : you may [60 aſke your father. Heere he comes !

*Enter M. PAGE & his Wife.**

Page. Now, Maifter *Slender* ! ¶ Loue him, daughter *Anne* !

¶ Why, how now ! What does Maifter *Fenton* here ?

You wrong me, Sir, thus ſtill to haunt my houſe ! 64

I told you, Sir, my daughter is diſpoſd of.

Fen. Nay, Maifter *Page* ! be not impatient !

Miſt. Page. Good Maifter *Fenton*, come not to my child !

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir ! will you heare me ? 68

Page. No, good Maifter *Fenton* !

¶ Come, Maifter *Shallow* ! ¶ Come, ſonne *Slender* ! in !

¶ K nowing my minde, you wrong me, Maifter *Fenton* !

[*Exeunt PAGE, SHAL., SLEN.*]

*61. *Enter . . .*] Q, p. 65.

63. *Fenton*] Fenter F.

44 [Shal.] *All this is nought ! ¶ Harke you, Miſtreſſe Anne ! He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare ! He ſhall make you a Gentlewoman !* 43

Slend. I, be God, that I will !¹ come 'cut and long taile,' as good as any is in *Gloſtershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire. 45

An. O God ! how many groſſe faults, are hid and couered, in three hundred pound a yeare ! [31-2, p. 66] ¶ Well, Maifter *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

52 *Slend.* I thanke you, good miſteris *Anne* ! Vncke, I ſhall haue her !

¹ will Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

- Qui.* [to *FEN.*] Speake to Mistris *Page*! 72
Fen. Good Mistris *Page*! For that I loue your daughter
 In such a righteous fashon as I do,
 Perforce, against all checkes, rebukes, and manuers,
 I must aduance the colours of my loue, 76
 And not retire. Let me haue your good will!
An. Good mother! do not marry me to yond foole!
Mist. Page. I meane it not; I seeke you a better husband.
Qui. That's my master, *Maister Doctor.* 80
An. Alas! I had rather be set quick i'th earth,
 And bow'l'd to death with Turnips.
Mist. Page. Come, trouble not your selfe! ¶ Good *Maister*
Fenton,
 I will not be your friend, nor enemy. 84
 My daughter will I question how she loues you;
 And as I finde her, so am I affected:
 Till then, farewell, Sir! she must needs go in;
 Her father will be angry. 88
Fen. Farewell, gentle Mistris! ¶ farewell, *Nan*!
 [Exeunt *Mist. PAGE & AN.*
Qui. This is my doing, now! Nay, saide I, 'will you cast
 away your childe on a Foole, and a Phyfician? Looke on,
Maister Fenton!' This is my doing! 92
Fen. I thanke thee! and I pray thee once to night,
 Giue my sweet *Nan* this Ring! There's for thy paines.
 [Glves her money. *Exit.*
Qui. Now, heauen send thee good fortune! ¶ A kinde heart
 he hath! a woman would run through fire & water for such
 a kinde heart! But yet, I would my *Maister* had Mistris
Anne; or I would *Maister Slender* had her: or (in [98
 footh,) I would *Maister Fenton* had her! I will do what I can
 for them all three; for so I haue promisd; and Ile bee as
-
- Quic.* *Maister Shallow*! *Maister Page* would pray you to come,
 you, ¶ and you *Maister Slender*, ¶ and you, *mistris An.*
Slend. Well, Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more
 56 then Ile talke of. [III. ii. 48-9, p. 54]
Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, [Exeunt¹
 omnes but *Quickly*] but specially for *Maister Fenton*; but specially
 of all, for my *Maister*; and indeed I will do what I can for them
 60 all three. 99 [Exit.

¹ Exit Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

good as my word, but speciously for Maister Fenton. Well, I muſt of another errand to Sir *John Falſtaffe* from my [102 two Miſtreſſes: what a beaſt am I to ſlacke it! [*Exit.**

Actus Tertius. Scena Quinta.

A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFFE, BARDOLFE, (& after, QUICKLY, FORD.)

Fal. Bardolfe, I ſay!—

I

Bar. Heere, Sir!

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of Sacke! put a toſt in't!

[*Exit BARD.*

Hane I liu'd to be carried in a Basket, (like a barrow of butchers Offall,) and to be throwne in the *Thames*? Wel, if I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile haue my braines 'tane out and butter'd, and giue them to a dogge for a New- [7 yeares gift! The rogues ſlighted me into the riuer, with as little remorſe as they would haue drown'de a blinde bitches Puppies, fiſteene i'th litter! And you may know by my ſize, that I haue a kinde of alacrity in ſinking: if the bottome [11 were as deepe as hell, I ſhold downe! I had benee drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſheluy and ſhallow: a death that I abhorre! for the water ſwelles a man; and what a thing

*103. *Exit*] Q. Exeunt F.

[III. v.] *Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Fal. Bardolfe! [Enter B.] brew me a pottle ſack preſently! 3-24

Bar. With Egges, ſir? 26

*Fal. Simply of it ſelfe! Ile none of theſe pullets ſperme in my
4 drinke! [28] Goe, make haſte! [Exit B.] Hane I liued to be carried
in a-Basket, and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers
offoll? Wel, and I be ſeru'd ſuch another tricke, Ile giue them
leauē to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a
8 dog for a New-yeares gift! *Sblood!* the rogues ſlided me in, with as
little remorſe as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies
in the litter! And they might know by my ſize, I haue a kind of
alacritie in ſinking. And the bottom had bin as deepe as hell, I
12 ſhould downe! I had benee drowned, but that the ſhore was ſheluie
and ſomewhat ſhallowe: a death that I abhorre! For (you know)
the water ſwelles a man: and what a thing ſhould I haue bene*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

should I haue beene, when I had beene fwel'd! I should [15
haue beene a Mountaine of Mummie!

Re-enter BARDOLFE with a cup of Sacke & a tost in it.

Bar. Here's *Mistris Quickly*, Sir, to speake with you.

Fal. Come, let me poure in some Sack to the *Thames*
water! for my bellie's as cold as if I had fwallow'd snow-balls,
for pilles to coole the reines. [*Drinks.*] Call her in! 20

Bar. Come in, woman!

*Enter Mistresse QUICKLY.**

Qui. By your leaue! I cry you mercy! Giue your worship
good morrow! 23

Fal. [*to BAR.*] Take away thefe Challices! Go brew me a
pottle of Sacke finely!

Bard. With Egges, Sir?

Fal. Simple, of it felfe! Ile no Pullet-Sperme in my
brewage! [*Exit B.*] ¶ [*To QUIC.*] How now? 28

Qui. Marry, Sir, I come to your worship from *Mistris Ford*.

Fal. '*Mistris Ford*!' I haue had '*Ford*' enough! I was
thrown into the '*Ford*!' I haue my belly full of '*Ford*!' 31

Qui. Alas the day, (good-heart!) that was not her fault.
She do's so take on with her men; they mistooke their
erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build vpon a foolish Womans
promise. 36

Qui. Well, the laments, Sir, for it, that it would yern your

*21. *Enter . . .*] Q.

when I had bene swelled! *By the Lord*, a mountaine of mummy!¹
16 [*Re-enter Bardolfe, with a Cup.*] ¶ *Now, is the Sacke brewed!* 16

Bar. *I*, sir! *There's* a woman below would speake with you. 17, 21

Fal. *Bid* her come *vp*! Let me *put* some Sacke *among* this
cold water! for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-
20 balles for pilles. 20

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

¶ *Now!* *whats the newes with you?*

Quic. I come from misteris Ford, *forsooth*. 29

Fal. '*Misteris Ford*!' I haue had '*Ford*' inough! I *haue bene*
24 throwne into the '*Ford*!' My belly is full of '*Ford*!' *She haik*
tickled mee. 31

Quic. *O Lord*, sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman (that her

¹ money Q.

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heart to see it! Her husband goes this¹ morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, betwene eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make [40 you amends, I warrant you!

Fal. Well, I will visit her, tell her so! and bidde her thinke what a man is: Let her consider his frailty, and then iudge of my merit! 44

Qui. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so! 'Betweene nine and ten,' saist thou?

Qui. 'Eight and nine,' Sir.

Fal. Well, be gone! I will not misse her! 48

Qui. Peace be with you, Sir! [Exit.²

Fal. I meruaile I heare not of *Maister Brooke*: he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well! Oh, heere he comes! 52

*Enter FORD as BROOKE.**

Ford. Blessè you, Sir!

Fal. Now, *Maister Brooke*, you come to know what hath past betweene me, and *Fords* wife?

Ford. That, indeed, (*Sir Iohn*,) is my businesse. 56

¹ This should be 'in the,' or 'to-morrow.'—P. A. Daniel. | next day, should begin with line 50 (37, Q).—Daniel.

² See Q, below. Act IV, on the | *52. Enter Brooke] Q.

servants mistooke,) that ever lived! And, sir, she would desire 28 you (*of all loves*;) you will meet her once againe; to morrow, sir; betweene ten and eleuen; and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. 'Ten, and eleuen,' saiest thou? 46

[See II. ii. 236, 276, p. 41, 43.

Quic. I, forsooth.

32 *Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her! Let her but think of mans frailtie. Let her iudge what man is, and then thinke of me. And so, farewell!

Quic. Youle not faile, sir?

36 *Fal.* I will not faile. Commend me to her! [Exit *Mistresse Quickly*.] I wonder I heare not of *Maister Brooke*. I like his money well. By the masse, here he is! 52

Enter Ford as Brooke.

For. God saue you, sir!

40 *Fal.* Welcome, good *Maister Brooke*! You come to know how matters goes?

Ford. Thats my comming indeed, sir *Iohn*. 56

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Fal. *Maister Brooke*, I will not lye to you! I was at her house the houre she appointed me.

Ford. And fped you, Sir?

Fal. Very ill-faoueredly, *Maister Brooke*! 60

Ford. How so, sir? did she change her determination?

Fal. No, (*Maister Brooke*!) but the peaking *Curnuto* her husband, (*Maister Brooke*), dwelling in a continual larm of ieloufie, coms me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embrast, kist, protested, & (as it were) spoke the pro- [65]logue of our Comedy; and at his heeles, a rabble of his companions, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper, and (forfooth!) to serch his house for his wiues Loue!

Ford. What! While you were there? 69

Fal. While I was there!

Ford. And did he search for you, & could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare! As good lucke would haue it, comes in one *Mistris Page*; giues intelligence of *Fords* approach; and; in her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, they conuey'd me into a bucke-basket. 75

Ford. 'A Buck-basket!'

Fal. Yes! 'a Buck-basket!' ram'd mee in with foule Shirts and Smockes, Socks, foule Stockings, greasie Napkins, that

Fal. *Maister Brooke*, I will not lie to you, *sir*! I was *there* at 44 *my* appointed *time*.

For. And *how* sped you, sir? 59

Fal. Verie ilfaoueredly, *sir*.

For. *Why*, sir, did she change her determination? 61

48 *Fal.* No, *Maister Brooke*, *but you shall heare*. After we had kissed and imbraced, and (as it were) *euen amid* the prologue of our incounter, *who should* come, but the *iealous knaue* her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and 52 instigated by his distemper. And *what to do, thinke you?* to search for his wiues Loue! *Euen so; plainly so!* 68

For. While *ye* were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

56 *For.* And did he search, and could not find you? 71

Fal. You shall heare, *sir*. As *God* would haue it, *a litle before*, comes *me* one *Pages wife*, giues *her* intelligence of *her husbands* approach; and *by* her inuention, and *Fords* wiues distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket. 75

Ford. 'A buck-basket'!

Fal. *By the Lord*, 'a buck basket'! rammed me in with foule shirts, stokin, greasie napkins, that, *Maister Brooke*, there was a

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(Maister Brooke,) there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill ! 80

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you shall heare (Maister Brooke,) what I haue suffered, to bring this woman to euill, for your good ! Being thus cram'd in the Basket, a couple of *Fords* knaues, his [84 Hindes, were cald forth by their Miftris, to carry mee (in the name of foule Cloathes) to *Datchet-lane*. They tooke me on their shoulders; met the iealous knaue their Maister in the doore; who ask'd them once or twice 'what they had in their [88 Basket?' I quak'd for feare leaft the Lunatique Knaue would haue searcho'd it ! But Fate (ordaining he should be a Cuckold) held his hand. Well ! on went hee, for a searcho; and away went I, for foule Cloathes. But marke the sequell, Maister [92 Brooke ! I suffered the pangs of three feuerall deaths : Firft, an intollerable fright, to be detected with a iealous rotten Bell-weather. Next, to be compas'd like a good Bilbo in the circumference of a Pecke, hilt to point, heele to head. [96 And then, to be stopt in like a strong distillation, with stinking Cloathes, that fretted in their owne greafe ! thinke of that ! a man of my Kidney ! (thinke of that !) that am as subiect to heate as butter ; a man of continuall dissolution, and thaw ! [100 It was a miracle to scape suffocation ! And in the height of this Bath (when I was more then halfe stew'd in greafe, like a *Dutch-dish*), to be throwne into the *Thames*, and coold, glowing-hot, in that serge,¹ like a Horfe-shoo ! thinke of [104 that ! hissing hot ! thinke of that, Maister Brooke !

Ford. In good fadnesse, Sir, I am sorry, that for my sake you

¹ serge = surge.

- 64 compound of the *most* villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill. [80
Ile tell you, Maister Brooke, (by the Lord,) for your sake I suffered
three egregious deaths : First to be crammed, like a good [84, 93-5
bilbo, in the circumference of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head ;
68 *and then to be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish : [102-3*
a man of my kidney ! By the Lord, it was maruell I escaped suf-
fication ! And in the heat of all this, to be throwne into Thames
like a horshoo hot. Maister Brooke, [92] thinke of that ; hissing
72 *hote, Maister Brooke !* 105

Ford. Well, sir, then my shute is void ! [107] Youle vndertake
it no more ? 108

¹ heate Q.

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haue sufferd all this. My suite then is desperate: You'll vndertake her no more! 108

Fal. Maister Brooke: I will be throwne into *Etna*, as I haue bene into *Thames*, ere I will leaue her thus! Her Husband is this morning gone a Birding: I haue receiued from her another ambassie of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the houre, Maister Brooke! 113

Ford. 'Tis past 'eight' already, Sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then addresse mee to my appointment. Come to mee at your conuenient leifure, and you shall know how I speede; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enioying her! Adiew! you shall haue her, Maister Brooke! Maister Brooke, you shall cuckold Ford! [*Exit.** 119

Ford. Hum: ha! Is this a vision? Is this a dreame? doe I sleepe? Maister Ford, awake! Awake, Maister Ford! Ther's a hole made in your best coate, Maister Ford! This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets! [123 Well, I will proclaime my selfe what I am! I will now take the Leacher: hee is at my houle: hee cannot scape me: 'tis impossible hee should! Hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purfe, nor into a Pepper-Boxe. But leaft the Diuell that [127 guides him, should aide him, I will search impossible places! Though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to be what I would

*119. *Exit*] Q.

Fal. Maister Brooke, Ile be throwne into *Etna* as I haue bene in 76 the *Thames*, ere I thus leaue her! I haue receiued another appointment of meeting: *between ten and eleuen* is the houre. 113

Ford. Why, sir, tis *almost ten* already.

Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe for my appointment: 80 Maister Brooke, come to me soone at night, and you shall know how I speed; and the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue; you shall cuckold Foord! Come to mee soone at night! [*Exit Falstaffe.*

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision? Maister Ford, Maister 84 Ford, awake, maister Ford! There is a hole made in your best coat, Maister Ford! And a man shall not only [II. ii. 261, p. 43] endure this wrong, but shall stand vnder the taunt of names! Lucifer is a good name; Barbason good: good Diuels names: But 88 Cuckold, wittold! Gode! so! The Diuel himselfe hath not such a name! [II. ii. 266] And they may hang hats here, and napkins here, vpon my hornes! Well, Ile home, Ile¹ ferit him! And vnlesse

¹ I Q.

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not, fhall not make me tame. If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with me : Ile be 'horne-mad !'

[*Exit.**]

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Outside PAGES house.

Enter Mistris PAGE, her son WILLIAM, QUICKLY, (& later EUANS.)

Mist. Pag. Is he at *Master Fords* already, think'ft thou ?

Qui. Sure he is, by this ; or will be presently ; but truly he is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. *Mistris Ford* desires you to come sodainely. 4

Mist. Pag. Ile be with her by and by : Ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole ! Looke where his Master comes ! 'tis a playing day, I see. [*Enter SIR HUGH EUANS*] ¶ How now, *Sir Hugh* ! no Schoole to day ? 8

Eua. No ! *Master Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Blessing of his heart !

Mist. Pag. *Sir Hugh*, my husband faies my sonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke : I pray you aske him some questions in his Accidence. 13

Eua. Come hither, *William* ! hold vp your head ! come !

Mist. Pag. Come on, *Sirha* ! hold vp your head ! answere your Master ! be not afraid ! 16

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in *Nownes* ?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truly, I thought there had bin one Number more, because they say 'od's-Nownes.' 20

Eua. Peace your tatlings ! ¶ What is 'Faire,' *William* ?

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. 'Powlcats' ? there are fairer things then Powlcats, sure.

Eua. You are a very simplicity, o'man ! I pray you peace ! ¶ What is 'Lapis,' *William* ? 25

*131. *Exit*] Q. Exeunt F.

the diuel *himselfe* should aide him, Ile search vnpossible places. [128]
92 Ile about it, *least I repent too late* [II. ii. 276-7, p. 43]. [*Exit.*¹
[III. iv. (p. 64, *abov*) follows here in Q.]

¹ Exit omnes Q.

75 [III. iv. 130, 131 ; IV. i. 1-25.]

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- Will.* A Stone.
Eua. And what is a 'Stone,' *William* ?
Will. A Peeble. 28
Eua. No ; it is '*Lapis*' : I pray you, remember in your praine.
Will. '*Lapis*.'
Eua. That is a good *William* ! What is he, (*William*,) that do's lend Articles. 32
Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronounes ; and be thus declined : *Singulariter, nominatiuo, 'hic, hæc, hoc.'*
Eua. *Nominatiuo, 'hig, hag, hog* : pray you marke ! *genitiuo, 'huius* : Well ! what is your *Accusatiue-case* ? 36
Will. *Accusatiuo, 'hinc.'*
Eua. I pray you, haue your remembrance, (childe !) *Accusatiuo, 'hing, hang, hog.'* 39
Qu. 'Hang-hog,' is *Latten* for Bacon, I warrant you !
Eua. Leaua your prables, o'man ! ¶ What is the *Focatiue case, William* ? 42
Will. O, *Vocatiuo, O.*
Eua. Remember, *William* ; *Focatiue* is caret.
Qu. And that's a good roote !
Eua. O'man, forbear ! 46
Mist. Pag. Peace !
Eua. What is your *Genitiue case plurall, William* ?
Will. *Genitiue case* ?
Eua. I. 50
Will. *Genitiue, 'horum, harum, horum.'*
Qu. 'Vengeance of '*Ginyes* café !'¹ fie on her ! neuer name her (childe,) if she be a 'whore.'
Eua. For shame, o'man ! 54
Qu. You doe ill to teach the childe such words ! ¶ hee teaches him to '*hic*,' and to '*hac*' ; (which they'll doe fast enough of themfelues,) and to call '*horum* !' ¶ Fie vpon you !
Eua. O'man ! art thou Lunatics ? Haft thou no [58 vnderstandings for thy Cafes, & the numbers of the Genders ? Thou art as foolish *Christian* creatures, as I would desires !
Mi. Page. Pre'thee hold thy peace ! 61
Eu. Shew me now (*William*,) some declenſions of your Pronounes.

¹ case : cp. Webster's *Cure for a Cuckold*, III. ii.

58. *Lunatics*] Lunatics F.

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Will. Forfooth, I haue forgot. 64

Eu. It is '*Qui, que, quod.*' If you forget your *Quies*, your *Ques*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches. Goe your waies and play! go! 67

Mis. Pag. He is a better scholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good sprag-memory. Farewel, *Mistris Page!*

Mis. Page. Adieu, good Sir *Hugh!* ¶ Get you home, boy!
¶ Come, we stay too long! [Exeunt. 71]

Actus Quartus. Scena Secunda.

A Room in FORDS House.

Enter FALSTOFFE, Mistris FORD, (& later, Mistris PAGE, two Seruants, FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, EUANS, SHALLOW.)*

Fal. Mistris Ford! Your sorrow hath eaten vp my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in your loue, and I professe requitall to a haire's bredth; not onely, *Mistris Ford*, in the simple office of loue, but in all the accuftrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you fure of your husband now?

Mis. Ford. Hee's a birding, (sweet Sir *Iohn*.) 7

Mis. Page. [without] What, hoa, gossip *Ford!* What hoa!

Mis. Ford. Step into th' chamber, Sir *Iohn!* [Exit FALST.

Enter Mistris PAGE.

Mis. Page. How now, (fweete heart,) whose at home besides your selfe?

* two] Q.

[IV. ii.] *Enter misteris Ford and her two men.*

Mis. For. Do you heare? when your Maister comes, take vp this basket as you did before; and if your Maister bid you set it downe, obey him!

4 *Ser. I will, forsooth.*

[93-5, p. 80
[Exeunt the 2 Men.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Mis. For. Syr Iohn, welcome!

Fal. What, are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding, sir *Iohn*; and I hope will not
8 come home yet.

Enter mistresse Page.

¶ Gods body! here is misteris *Page!* ¶ Step behind the arras, good [9
sir *Iohn!* [III. iii. 79, p. 58] [He steps behind the arras.

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Mis. Ford. Why, none but mine owne people. 12

Mis. Page. Indeed?

Mis. Ford. No, certainly! [*Aside to her*] Speake louder!

Mist. Pag. Truly, I am so glad you haue no body here!

Mist. Ford. Why? 16

Mist. Page. 'Why,' woman? your husband is in his olde lines againe! He so takes on yonder with my husband; so railes against all married mankinde; so curses all *Eues* daughters, of what complexion soeuer; and so buffettes [20] himselfe on the forehead: crying 'Peere-out! Peere-out!' that any madnesse I euer yet beheld, seem'd but tamenesse, ciuility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat Knight is not heere! 24

Mist. Ford. Why, do's he talke of him?

Mist. Page. Of none but him! and sweares he was caried out the last time hee search'd for him, in a Basket! Protests to my husband he is now heere; & hath drawne him [28] and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the Knight is not heere! Now he shall see his owne foolerie!

Mist. Ford. How neere is he, Mistris Page? 32

Mist. Pag. Hard by, at street end; he wil be here anon!

Mist. Ford. I am vndone! The Knight is heere!

Mist. Page. Why, then you are vtterly sham'd, & hee's but a dead man! What a woman are you! Away with him, away with him! Better, shame, then murther! 37

Mist. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket againe?

FALSTAFFE rushes in.

Fal. No! Ile come no more i'th Basket!

¶ May I not go out ere he come? 41

18. lines] F. lunes Theobald.

Mis. Pa. Misteris Ford! why, woman, your husband is in his 12 old *vaine* againe! [19] *Hees comming to search for your sweet heart!* But I am glad he is not here. 30

Mis. For. O God, misteris Page, the knight is here! [34] *What shall I do?*

16 *Mis. Pa.* Why, then, you'r vndone, woman! vnles you [34, 35, 55] *make some meanes to shift him away.* 37

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe. 38

IV. ii. 12-41.]

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Mist. Page. Alas! three of *Master Fords* brothers watch the doore with Pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere hee came. But what make you heere? 44

Fal. What shall I do? Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mist. Ford. There they alwaies vse to discharge their Birding-peeeces. Creepe into the Kill-hole!

Fal. Where is it? 48

Mist. Ford. He will seeke there, on my word! Neyther Presse, Coffer, Chest, Trunke, Well, Vault, but he hath an abstrackt for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his Note: There is no hiding you in the house! 52

Fal. Ile go out then.

*Mist. Page.** If you goe out in your owne semblance, you die, Sir *Iohn*! Vnlesse you go out disguis'd, . . .

Mist. Ford. How might we disguise him? 56

Mist. Page. Alas the day, I know not! there is no womans gowne bigge enough for him! otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchiefe, and so escape. 59

Fal. Good hearts, deuise something! any extremitie, rather then a mischief!

Mist. Ford. My Maids Aunt, the fat woman of *Brainford*, has a gowne aboute. 63

Mist. Page. On my word it will serue him! shee's as big as he is! and there's her thrum'd hat, and her muffler too!

¶ Run vp, Sir *Iohn*! 66

Mist. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir *Iohn*! *Mistris Page* and I will looke some linnen for your head.

47. <i>Creepe . . .</i>] ? <i>Mist. Page</i> should say it.—T. R.-S.	*54. <i>Page</i>] Q. <i>Ford F.</i> 67. <i>Mistris</i>] <i>Mistris F.</i>
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20 *Fal.* [*stepping forward*] No! Ile come no more in the basket!
 Ile creep vp into the chimney. 45

Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their *Fowling* peeeces. 46

Fal. *Why*, then Ile goe out of *doores*. 53

24 *Mi. Pa.* Then you'r *undone*! you'r but a dead man! 35, 36

Fal. *For Gods sake*, deuise any extremitie, rather then a mischief!

Mis. Pa. Alas! I know not *what meanes to make*! ¶ *If* there

were any womans *apparell* would fit him, he might put on a gowne
 28 and a muffler, and so escape. 57, 59

Mi. For. *That swel remembred*! My maids Aunt, *Gillian* of
Brainford, hath a gowne aboute. 63

Mis. Pa. And she is *altogether* as fat as he.

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Mist. Page. Quicke, quicke! wee'le come dresse you straight! put on the gowne the while! [*Exit FALSTAFFE.* 70

Mist. Ford. I would my husband would meete him in this shape! he cannot abide the old woman of *Brainford*; he fweares she's a witch, forbad her my house, and hath threatned to beate her. 74

Mist. Page. Heauen guide him to thy husbands cudgell! and the diuell guide his cudgell afterwards!

Mist. Ford. But is my husband comming?

Mist. Page. I, in good sadnesse is he, and talkes of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence. 79

Mist. Ford. Wee'l try that: for Ile appoint my men to carry the basket againe, to meete him at the doore with it, as they did last time.

Mist. Page. Nay, but hee'l be heere presently! let's go dresse him like the witch of *Brainford*! 84

Mist. Ford. Ile first direct my men, what they shall doe with the basket. Goe vp! Ile bring linnen for him straight. [*Exit.*

Mist. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet! We cannot misuse him enough: 88

We'll leaue a prooffe, by that which we will doo,

Wiues may be merry, and yet honest too. 90

We do not acte, that often iest, and laugh;

'Tis old, but true, 'Still Swine eats all the draugh.' [*Exit.* 92

Re-enter Mistris FORD and her two Men,† IOHN & ROBERT.

Mist. Ford. Go, Sirs! take the basket againe on your shoulders! your Master is hard at doore: if hee bid you set it downe, obey him! quickly, dispatch! [*Exit.*

1 Ser. [*IOHN*] Come, come, take it vp! 96

2 Ser. [*ROBERT*] Pray heauen it be not full of Knight againe!

1 Ser. [*IOHN*] I hope not; I had as lief beare so much lead! 100

85. *direct*] direct direct F.

*88. *him*] Q.

†92-3. See Q, p. 77.

99. *as lief*] lief as F.

32 Mis. For. *I, that will serue him, of my word!* 64

Mi. Pa. Come, goe *with me*, sir Iohn! *Ile helpe to dresse you!* 67, 69

Fal. Come, for God sake! *any thing!* 60

[*Exeunt Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

* Enter FORD, PAGE, EUANS, SHALLOW.

Ford. I, but if it proue true, (*Maſter Page,*) ? haue you any way then to vniſſoole me againe? [*The two Men carries the Basket, and FORD meets it.*†] ¶ Set downe the basket, villaine! ¶ Some body call my wife! ¶ Youth in a basket! ¶ Oh [104 you Panderly Rascals! there's a knot, a gin, a packe, a conspiracie againſt me! Now ſhall the diuel be ſham'd! ¶ What, wife, I ſay! Come! come forth! behold what honeſt cloathes you ſend forth to bleaching! 108

Page. Why, this paſſes, *Maſter Ford*! You are not to goe looſe any longer, you muſt be pinion'd!

Euans. Why, this is Lunaticks! this is madde, as a mad dogge! 112

Shall. Indeed, *Maſter Ford*, this is not well indeed!

Ford. So ſay I too, Sir!

Re-enter Miſtris FORD

¶ Come hither, *Miſtris Ford*! *Miſtris Ford*, 'the honeſt [115 woman! the modeſt wife! the vertuous creature! that hath the iealouſ foole to her husband!' I 'ſuſpect without cauſe,' (*Miſtris,*) do I? 118

Miſt. Ford. Heauen be my witneſſe you doe, if you ſuſpect me in any diſhoneſty!

* Enter . . .] Q.

† 102-3. *The . . . it*] Q.

105. *gin*] F. *ging* F2 (*gang*,

pack).

113. *this*] thi F.

Enter Maister Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow; the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along, I pray! [107] *you ſhal know the cauſe!* ¶ [To the 36 2 men] How now! whither goe you? *Ha! whither go you?* [III. iii. 132-3] Set downe the basket, *you ſlaue!*¹ You panderly rogue, set it downe! 103, 105

Mis. For. What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus? [*Hamlet*, V. i. 312]

40 For. Come hither! ¶ *ſet downe the basket!*

¶ *Miſteris Ford*, the modeſt woman!

Miſteris Ford, the vertuous woman!

She that hath the iealouſ foole to her husband!

44 I miſtruſt you without cauſe, do I not? 117

Mis. For. I, Gods my record, do you! *and if you miſtruſt me in any ill ſort.* 119, 120

¹ ſſaue Q.

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Ford. Well said, Brazon-face! hold it out! ¶ Come forth,
firrah! ¶ Pull out the cloathes! Search! * 122
[Pulls clothes out of the Basket.]

Page. This paffes!

Mist. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the cloths alone!

Ford. I shall finde you anon. 125

Eua. 'Tis vnreasonable! will you take vp your wiues
cloathes? Come, away!

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mist. Ford. Why, man, why? 129

Ford. Master *Page*, as I am a man, there was one conuay'd
out of my house yesterday in this basket! why may not he be
there againe? in my house, I am sure he is: my Intelligence
is true, my iealousie is reasonable! Pluck me out all the
linnen! [The 2 Men empty the Basket. 134

Mist. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall dye a Fleas
death.

Page. Heer's no man!

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master *Ford*! This
wrongs you! 139

Eua. Master *Ford*, you must pray, and not follow the
imaginations of your owne heart: this is iealousies.

Ford. Well! hee's not heere I seeke for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your braine. 143

Ford. Helpe to search my house this one time! if I find
not what I seeke, shew no colour for my extremity; Let me
for euer be your Table-sport; Let them say of me, 'as iealous
as *Ford*, that search'd a hollow Wall-nut for his wiues [147
Lemman.' Satisfie me once more; once more serch with me!

*122. Pull . . . Search!] Q.

Ford. Well sed, brazen face! hold it out! 121
48 ¶ You youth in a basket [104, p. 81], come out here!

¶ Pull out the cloathes! search! 134, 148

Hu. Ieshu, plesse me! will you pull vp your wiues cloathes? 126

Pa. Fie, Maister *Ford*, you are not to go abroad if you be in
52 these fits! 109

*Sir Hu. By so had vdge me, tis verie necessarie he were put in
Pethlem.*

For. Maister *Page*! as I am an honest man, Maister *Page*, there
56 was one conuey'd out of my house here yesterday, out of this basket.

Why may he not be here now? 131

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Mistris Ford. What, hoa, *Mistris Page*! come you and the old woman downe! my husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. 'Old woman?' what old womans that?

Mist. Ford. Why, it is my maids Aunt, of *Brainford*. 152

Ford. A witch! a Queane! an olde couzening queane! Haue I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, do's she? We are simple men; wee doe not know what's brought to passe vnder the profession of Fortune- [156 telling. She workes by Charmes, by Spels, by th'Figure, & such dawbry as this is beyond our Element: wee know nothing! ¶ Come downe, you Witch! you Hagge, you! come downe, I say! 160

Mist. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband! ¶ Good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman!

Mist. Page. [*abov*] Come, mother *Prat*! Come, giue me your hand! 164

* *Re-enter FALSTAFFE disguised like an old woman, and Misteris PAGE leading him. FORD beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Ford. Ile 'Prat'-her! ¶ Out of my doore, you Witch, you Ragge, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion! out, out! Ile coniure you, Ile fortune-tell you! [*FALST. runs off.*

Mist. Page. Are you not asham'd? I thinke you haue kill'd the poore woman! 169

Mist. Ford. Nay he will do it. ¶ 'Tis a goodly credite for you!

Ford. Hang her, witch! 172

Eua. By yea, and no, I thinke the o'man is a witch indeede!

162. *not*] F om.

*164. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Q.

Mi. For. Come, mistris Page, *bring* the old woman downe! 149

For. 'Old woman!' What old woman? 151

60 Mi. For. Why, my maidens Ant, *Gillian* of Brainford. 152

¹ For. A witch! Haue I not *forewarned* her my house? *Alas*, we are simple, *we*! we know not what is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-telling. ¶ Come downe, you witch! come downe!

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and Misteris Page with him. Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.

64 *Away*, you witch! *Get you gone*! 165

¹ For.] Q om.

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

I like not when a o'man has a great peard. I ſpie a great
peard vnder her* muffler. 175

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen? I beſeech you, follow!
ſee but the iſſue of my iealouſie! If I cry out thus vpon no
traile, neuer truſt me when I open againe! [*Exit.* 178

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further! ¶ Come,
Gentlemen! [*Exeunt all but Miſt. PAGE & Miſt. FORD.*

Miſt. Page. Truſt me, he beate him moſt pittifully. 181

Miſt. Ford. Nay, by th'Maſſe, that he did not! he beate
him moſt vnpittifully, me thought.

Miſt. Page. Ile haue the cudgell hallow'd, and hung ore
the Altar! it hath done meritorious ſeruice. 185

Miſt. Ford. What thinke you? May we (with the warrant
of woman-hood, and the witneſſe of a good conſcience,) pur-
ſue him with any further reuenge? 188

Miſt. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſſe is ſure ſcar'd out of
him. If the diuell haue him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and
recouery, he will neuer (I thinke,) in the way of waſte,
attempt vs againe. 192

Miſt. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how wee haue
ſeru'd him?

Miſt. Page. Yes, by all meanes; if it be but to ſcrape the
figures out of your husbands braines. If they can find in
their hearts, the poore vnuertuous fat Knight ſhall be any
further afflicted, wee two will ſtill bee the miniſters. 198

Miſt. Ford. Ile warrant, they'l haue him publiquely ſham'd!
and me thinkes there would be no period to the ieſt, ſhould
he not be publiquely ſham'd. 201

Miſt. Page. Come, to the Forge with it! then ſhape it! I
would not haue things coole. [*Exeunt.*

*175. *her*] Q. his F.

Sir Hu. By Ieſhu, I verily thinke ſhe is a witch indeed. I
eſpied vnder her muſſer a great beard. 174-5

Ford. Pray, come helpe me to ſearch! pray now! 144

68 *Pa.* Come, wee go for his minds ſake! 179 [*Exit omnes.*

Mi. For. By my troth, he beat him moſt extreemly. 181

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it! What, ſhall we proceed any further? 186

Mi. For. No, faith! Now, if you will, let vs tell our husbands
72 of it! For mine (I am ſure) hath almoſt fretted himſelfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content! Come, wee goe tell them all; and as they
74 agree, ſo will we proceed. 200, 198 [*Exit both.*

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quartus. Scena Tertia.

The Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLFE.

Bar. Sir, the Germanes desires to haue three of your horsēs : the Duke himselfe will be to morrow at Court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be, comes so secretly? I heare not of him in the Court! Let mee speake with the Gentlemen! they speake *English*?

Bar. I, Sir! Ile call them* to you.

Host. They shall haue my horsēs; but Ile make them pay! Ile sauce them! They haue had my house† a weeke at commaund! I haue turn'd away my other guessts. They must come off!‡ Ile sawce them! Come! [Exeunt. 11

Actus Quartus. Scena Quarta.

A Room in FORDS House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistris PAGE, Mistris FORD, and EUANS.

Eua. 'Tis one of the best discrecions of a o'man as euer I did looke vpon!

1. Germanes] Germane F.

*7. them] Q. him F.

†9. house] Q. houses F.

‡ Come out with cash; pay well.

[IV. iii.] Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr, *heere be three Gentlemen (come from the Duke, the Stranger,¹ sir,) would haue your horses.*²

Host. 'The Duke!' What Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen! Do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you, sir.

Host. No, Bardolfe, let them alone! Ile sauce them! They haue had my house a weeke at commaund; I haue turned away my other guesse:³ They shall haue my horses, Bardolfe; they must come off; Ile sawce them! [Exeunt⁴ omnes. 11

[IV. iv.] Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.

Ford. Well, wife! *heere, take my hand! Vpon my soule, I loue thee dearer then I do my life,*

¹ Stanger Q.

² horse Q.

³ guesse = guests.

⁴ Exit Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Page. And did he fend you both theſe Letters at an infant? 4

Miſt. Page. VVithin a quarter of an houre.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife! henceforth do what *thou* wilt!
I rather will ſuſpect the Sunne with cold,
Then thee with wantonnes! Now doth thy honor ſtand, 8
(In him that was of late an Heretike,)
As firme as faith!

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well! no more!
Be not as *éxtrême* in ſubmiſſiön,
As in offence; 12

But let our plot go forward; Let our wiues
Yet once againe (to make vs publike ſport,)
Appoint a meeting with this old fat-fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it. 16

Ford. There is no better way then that they ſpoke of.

Page. How? to fend him word they'll meete him in the
Parke at midnight? Fie, fie! he'll neuer come! 19

Eu. You ſay he has bin throwne in the Riuers; and has
bin greenouſly peaten, as an old o'man: me-thinkes there
ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come. Me-
thinkes his fleſh is puniſh'd; hee ſhall haue no defires.

Page. So thinke I too. 24

Miſt. Ford. Deuiſe but how you'l vſe him when he comes,
And let vs two deuiſe to bring him thether!

7. cold] Rowe. gold F.

And ioy I haue ſo true and conſtant wife!

4 *My iealouſie ſhall neuer more offend thee.*

Mi. For. Sir, I am glad; & that which I haue done,
Was nothing elſe but mirth and modeltie.

Pa. I, miſteris Ford; Falſtaffe hath all the griefe;
8 *And in this knauerie, my wife was the chiefe.*

Mi. Pa. No knauerie, husband; it was honeſt mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good paſtimes & merriments!

Mis. For. But, ſweete heart,¹ ſhall wee leaue olde Falſtaffe ſo?

12 *Mis. Pa.* O, by no meanes! ſend to him againe! 18, 14

Pa. I do not thinke heele come, being ſo much deceived. 24, 19

For. Let me alone! Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and
know his mind, whether heele come or not. [75-6.]

16 *Pa.* There muſt be ſome plot laide, or heele not come. 43

¹ See IV. ii. 10, p. 77.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Mis. Page. There is an old tale goes, that *Herne* the Hunter
(Sometime a Keeper heere, in *Windsor Forrest*,) 28

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walke round about an Oake, with great rag'd-hornes;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yeeld blood, and shakes a chaine 32
In a most hideous and dreadfull manner.
You haue heard of such a Spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed-Eld
Receiu'd, and did deliuer to our age, 36
This tale of *Herne* the Hunter, for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do feare,
In deepe of night, to walke by this *Hernes* Oake:
But what of this?

Mist. Ford. Marry, this is our deuise: 40
That *Falstaffe*, at that Oake shall meete with vs,
* Disguised like *Herne*, with huge horns on his head.*

Page. Well, (let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape :) when you haue brought him thether, 44
What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mist. Pa. That likewise haue we thoght vpon; & thus
Nan Page (my daughter,) and my little sonne,
And three or foure more of their growth, wee'l dresse 48
Like *Vrchins*, *Ouphes*, and *Fairies*, greene and white,
With rounds of waxen *Tapers* on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; vpon a sodaine,
(As *Falstaffe*, she, and I, are newly met,) 52
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song! Vpon their fight,
We two (in great amazednesse,) will flye.

32. *makes*] make F.

*42. *Disguised* . . .] Q.

<p><i>Mis. Pa.</i> Let vs alone for that! Heare my deuice!</p> <p><i>Of</i> haue you heard, since <i>Horne</i> the hunter dyed,</p> <p><i>That women</i> (to affright their little children,)</p> <p>20 <i>Ses</i> that he walkes in shape of a great stagge.</p> <p><i>Now</i>, (for that <i>Falstaffe</i> hath bene so deceiu'd,</p> <p><i>As that he dares not venture to the house</i>,)</p> <p><i>Wee</i> send him word to meet vs in the field,</p> <p>24 <i>Disguised</i> like <i>Horne</i>, with huge horns on his head.</p> <p><i>The houre</i> shall be iust betweene twelue and one; [IV. vi. 19, p. 95]</p>	<p>26, 40</p> <p>34, 27</p> <p>27</p> <p>30</p> <p>41</p> <p>18, p. 86</p> <p>37, 30</p>
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The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Then let them all encircle him about, 56
And (Fairy-like,) to pinch the vncleane Knight;
And aske him why that houre of Fairy Reuell,
In their so sacred pathes, he dares to tread
In shape prophane.

Mist. Ford. And, till he tell the truth, 60
Let the suppos'd Fairies pinch him sound,
And burne him with their Tapers.

Mist. Page. The truth being knowne,
We'll all present our selues; dis-horne the spirit;
And mocke him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The children must 64
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll neu'r doo't.

Eua. I will teach the children their behaviours: and I will
be like a *Jacke-an-Apes* also, to burne the Knight with my
Taber. 68

Ford. That will be excellent! Ile go buy them vizards.

Mist. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queene of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white. 71

Page. That filke will I go buy. (*Aside*) And in that time
Shall *Master Slender* steale my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*.) ¶ Go, fend to *Falstaffe* straight!

Ford. Nay, Ile to him againe in name of *Brooke*;

57. *to-pinch*] Steevens (Tyrwhitt conj.). to pinch F.

60. *Mist. Ford*] Ford F.

And at that time we there will meet him both.

Then would I haue you present there at hand,

28 *With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries,* 48, 49

For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods.

And then (to make a period to the Iest,) [see 17, p. 95]

31 *Tell Falstaffe all: I thinke this will do best.*

Pa. Tis excellent! And my daughter Anne, 69, 70, 47
Shall, like a litle Fayrie, be disguised.

Mis. Pa. [Aside] And in that *Maske*, Ile make the Doctor steale 82

35 My daughter An; & ere my husband knowes it, 86

To carrie her to Church, and marrie her.

Mis. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes? 82

Pa. That will I do; [*Aside*] and in a robe of white 71

39 *Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender*

To know her by that signe, and steale her thence, 4-6, p. 98.

And, vnkowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Eua. So had vdge me, the deuises is excellent! I will also be [66-7

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Hee'll tell me all his purpose: sure, hee'l come. 76
Mist. Page. Feare not you that! Go get vs properties
And tricking for our Fayries.
Euans. Let vs about it! It is admirable pleasures, and
ferry honest knaueries! [*Exeunt PAGE, FORD, EUANS.* 80
Mist. Page. Go, *Mistris Ford*;
Send quickly to *Sir Iohn*, to know his minde. [*Exit Mist. FORD.*
Ile to the Doctor! He hath my good will,
(And none but he,) to marry with *Nan Page.* 84
That *Slender* (though well landed,) is an Ideot!
And he, my husband best of all affects.
The Doctor is well monied, and his friends
Potent at Court! He, none but he, shall haue her, 88
Though twenty thousand worthier come to craue her! [*Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Quinta.

The Garter Inn.

*Enter Host, SIMPLE, (& after, FALSTAFFE, BARDOLFE,
EUANS, CAIUS, QUICKLY.)*

Host. What wouldst thou haue, Boore? what, Thickskin?
Speake! breathe! discusse! breefe, short, quicke, snap!

Simp. Marry, Sir, I come to speake with *Sir Iohn Falstaffe*
from *Maister Slender.* 4

43 *there, and be like a Iackanapes, and pinch him most cruelly for his
lecheries.* 61, 67

Mis. Pa. Why, then we are reuenged sufficiently.

First he was carried, and throwne in the Thames, [IV. iv. 20, p. 86]

Next beaten well: [21] I am sure youle witnes that!

48 *Mi. For. Ile lay my life, this makes him nothing fat!*

Pa. Well, lets about this stratagem! I long

50 *To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.*

For. Well, send to Falstaffe! and if he come thither, 74, 43-4

52 *Twill make vs smile and laugh one moneth together. [Exeunt omnes.*

[IV. v.] *Enter Host and Simple.*

Host. What would thou haue, boore? what, thick-skin? Speake,
breath, discus! short, quick, breife, snap! 2

Sim. Sir, I am sent from my Maister to sir Iohn Falstaffe. 4

¹ Exit Q.

89

[IV. iv. 76-89; v. 1-4.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed: 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new. Go, knock and call! hee'l speake like an *Anthropophaginian* vnto thee: Knocke, I say! 9

Simp. There's an olde woman, a fat woman, gone vp into his chamber. Ile be so bold as stay, Sir, till she come downe. I come to speake with her, indeed. 12

Host. Ha! 'A fat woman!' The Knight may be robb'd: Ile call. ¶ Bully-Knight! Bully Sir *Iohn*! speake from thy Lungs Military! Art thou there? It is thine *Host*, thine *Ephesian*, calls. 16

Fal. [*aboue*] How now, mine *Host*?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian-Tartar* tarries the comming downe of thy fat-woman. Let her descend, Bully! let her descend! my Chambers are honourable. Fie priuacy! Fie! 20

*Enter Sir Iohn * FALSTAFFE.*

Fal. There was (mine *Host*), an old fat-woman euen now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the Wife-woman of *Brainford*? 24

* 20. *Enter Sir Iohn*] Q.

4 *Host.* *Sir Iohn*! Ther'es his Castle, his standing bed, his trundle bed; his chamber is painted about with the story of the Prodigall, fresh and new. Go, knock! heele speak like an *Antripophiginian* to thee. Knock, I say! 9

8 *Sim.* Sir, I *should* speak with an old woman *that went* vp into his chamber. 11

Host. 'An old woman!' the knight may be robbed: Ile call. ¶ Bully Knight! Bully sir *Iohn*! Speake from thy Lungs military! 13, 16

12 It is thine *Host*, thy *Ephesian*, calls. 13, 16

Fal. [*abou.*] Now, mine *Host*! 17

Host. Here is a *Bohemian-Tarter*, *Bully*, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman. Let her descend, Bully! let her descend! 17

16 My chambers are honorable. *Pah!* priuasie! fie! 20

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. *Indeed*, mine *Host*, there was a fat woman with me, but she is gone.

Sim. Pray, sir, was it not the wise woman of *Brainford*? 23

20 *Fal.* Marry, was it, *Musselshell*? What would you?

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Fal. I, marry was it, (Muffel-ſhell!) what would you with her?

Simp. My Maſter, (Sir,) my maſter *Slender*, ſent me* to her, (ſeeing her go through the ſtreets,) to know, (Sir,) whether one *Nim*, (Sir,) that beguil'd him of a chaine, had the chaine, or no. 30

Fal. I ſpake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what ſayes ſhe, I pray, Sir?

Fal. Marry, ſhee ſayes, that the very ſame man that beguil'd Maſter *Slender* of his Chaine, cozon'd him of it. 34

Simp. I would I could haue ſpoken with the Woman her ſelfe! I had other things to haue ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let vs know! 38

Hoſt. I, come! quicke!

Sim. I may not conceale them, Sir?

Hoſt. Conceale them, or thou diſt! 41

Sim. Why, fir, they were nothing but about Miſtris *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Maſters fortune to haue her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune! 45

Sim. What, Sir?

Fal. 'To haue her, or no.' Goe ſay the woman told me ſo!

Sim. May I be bold to ſay ſo, Sir?

Fal. I, Sir Tike! who more bold? 49

Sim. I thanke your worſhip! I ſhall make my Maſter glad with theſe tydings. [Exit.

*27. *me*] Q.

40. *Sim.*] *Fal.* F.

49. *I Sir Tike*] Steevens (Farmer conj.). I Sir: like F. I, tike Q.

Sim. Marry [3], ſir, my maſter *Slender* ſent *me* to her, to know whether one *Nim*, that *hath* his chaine, *couſoned* him of *it*, or no.

Fal. I *talked* with the woman about it. 31

24 *Sim.* And I pray, ſir, what ſes ſhe?

Fal. Marry, ſhe ſes, the very ſame man that beguiled maſter *Slender* of his chaine, *couſoned* him of it. 34

Sim. May I be bolde to *tell my maſter* ſo, ſir? 48

28 *Fal.* I, tike, who more bolde. 49

Sim. I thanke you, *sir*, I ſhall make my maſter a glad man at theſe tydings. *God be with you, sir!* [Exit.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Hof. Thou art clearkly, thou art clearkly, Sir *Iohn*! Was there a wife woman with thee? 53

Fal. I, that there was, (mine *Hof.*) one that hath taught me more wit, then euer I learn'd before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

*Enter BARDOLFE.**

Bar. Out, alas, Sir! cozonage! meere cozonage! 57

Hof. Where be my horles? speake well of them, *varletto*!

Bar. Run away with the cozoners! for, so soone as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off (from behinde one of them,) in a slough of myre; and fet spurres, and away, like three *Germane*-diuels, three *Doctor Faustaffes*! 62

Hof. They are gone but to meete the Duke, (*Villaine*!) doe not say they be fled! *Germanes* are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH† EUANS.

Euan. Where is mine *Hof*?

Hof. What is the matter, Sir? 66

52. *art*] are F.

*56. *Enter . . .*] Q.

†64. *Enter Sir Hugh*] Q, after l. 80.

Host. Thou art clarkly, sir *Iohn*! thou art clarkly. Was there 32 a wise woman with thee? 52-3

Fal. *Marry*, was there, mine *Host*, one that taught me more wit then I learned *this 7. yeare*; and I paid nothing for it, but was paid for my learning. 54, 56

Enter Bardolfe.

36 *Bar.* O *Lord*, sir! Cousonage! *plaine* cousonage! 57

Host. *Why, man*? Where be my horses? *where be the Germanes*? 64

Bar. *Rid* away with *your* horses! [70] *After* I came beyond 40 *Maidenhead*, they *flung* me in a slow of myre, & away *they* ran! 58-61

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where *be* my *Host* de *Gartyre*? 74

Host. O here, sir, in perplexitie! 66, 75

Doc. I cannot tell *vad be* dad; but *begar* I will tell you *van* [77 44 *ting*: *dear be* a *Garmaine Duke* come to de *Court*, *has cosened all* [69 *de host* of *Bransford*, and *Redding*. *Begar*, I tell you for good will! *Ha, ha, mine Host*! *am I euen met*¹ you? [Exit.

Enter Sir Hugh.

Sir Hu. Where is mine *Host* of the *Gartyr*? ¶ *Now, my Host*, 48 *I would desire you*, looke you *now*, to haue a care of your entertain-

¹ met = with.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Euan. Haue a care of your entertainments! there is a friend of mine come to Towne, tels mee there is three Cozen-Iermans, that has cozend all the Hosts of *Readins*, of *Maidenhead*, of *Cole-brooke*, of hortes and money. I tell you for [70 good will, (looke you)! You are wise, and full of gibes, and vlouting-flocks; and 'tis not conuenient you should be cozoned. Fare you well! [Exit.*

† Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Cai. Ver'is mine *Host de Iarteere*? 74

Host. Here, Master *Doctor*! in perplexitie, and doubtfull delemma.

Cai. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a-me, dat you make grand preparation for a Duke *de Iamanie*. By my trot, der is no Duke that the Court is know, to come! I tell you for good will: adieu! [Exit.* 80

Host. Huy and cry, Villaine! goe! ¶ affist me, Knight! I am vndone! ¶ fly, run! huy and cry, Villaine! I am vndone!

[Exeunt† HOST & BARDOLFE.

Fal. I would all the world might be cozond! for I haue beene cozond, and beaten too! If it should come to the eare of the Court, how I haue beene transformed, and how my transformation hath beene washd, and cudgeld, they would [86 melt mee out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor Fithermens-boots with me! I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creft-falne as a dride-peare. I neuer prof-per'd, since I forfwore my selfe at *Primero*. Well, if my [90 winde were but long enough \$ to say my prayers, I would repent.

*73, 80. *Exit*] Q.

†Enter Doctor] Q, p. 92.

†82. *Exeunt* . . .] *Exit* Q.

§91. to . . . *prayers*] Q.

ments; for there is three sorts of cosen *garmombles*, is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings. Now you are an honest man, and a scurvy beggerly lousie knaue beside, and can point wrong
52 places. I tell you for good will. Grate why,¹ mine Host! [*Exit*.

Host. I am cosened! Hugh and cry,² *Bardolfe*! ¶ Sweet Knight assist me! I am cosened! [*Exit, followed by BARDOLFE.* 81, 82

Fal. Would all the worell³ were cosened for me! For I am
56 cousoned, and beaten too! [83-4] Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore my selfe at *Primero*. And my winde were but long
enough to say my prayers, Ide repent. 91

¹ Great reason why.

² coy Q.

³ worell = world.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Enter Mistresse QUICKLY.*

¶ Now! Whence come you?

Qui. From the two parties, forsooth.

93

Fal. The Diuell take one partie, and his Dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I haue suffer'd more for their fakes, more then the villanous inconstancy of mans disposition is able to beare.

97

Qui. And haue not they suffer'd? Yes, I warrant! specially one of them! Mistris Ford, (good heart,) is beaten blacke and blew, that you cannot see a white spot about her!

100

Fal. What tell'st thou mee of 'blacke and blew'? I was beaten, my selfe, into all the colours of the Rainebow! And I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of Braineford! But that my admirable dexteritie of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliuer'd me, the knaue [105] Constable had fet me ith' Stocks, ith' common Stocks, for a Witch!

Qu. Sir! let me speake with you in your Chamber; you shall heare how things goe, and (I warrant) to your content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. Good-hearts, what a-doe here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you do's not ferue heauen well, that you are so cross'd!

Fal. Come vp into my Chamber!

[Exeunt. 113]

*91. Enter . . . Quickly] Q (after 'you', l. 92).

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

¶ Now, from whence come you?

60 Quic. From the two parties, forsooth.

93

Fal. The diuell take the one partie, and his dam the other; and theyle be both bestowed! I haue endured more for their sakes, then man is able to endure!

97

64 Quic. O Lord, sir, they are the sorrowfullst creatures that ever liued! specially Mistresse Ford! her husband hath beaten her, that she is all blacke and blew, poore soule.

98-100

Fal. What tellest me of 'blacke and blew'? I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow! And, in my escape, like to a bene apprehended for a witch of Braineford, and set in the stockes!

103

Quic. Well, sir, she is a sorrowfull woman! And I hope, when you heare my errant, youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

72 Fal. Come, goe with me into my chamber! Ile heare thee.

[Exeunt¹ omnes.]

¹ Exit Q

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Actus Quartus. Scena Sexta.

The Hosts Parlour in the Garter Inn.

Enter FENTON, HOST.

Host. Master *Fenton*, talke not to mee! My minde is heavy. I will giue ouer all.

Fen. Yet heare me speake! Affitt me in my purpose,
And (as I am a gentleman) ile giue thee
A hundred pound in gold, more then your losse!

Host. I will heare you, (Master *Fenton*,) and I will (at the leaft) keepe your counsell.

Fen. From time to time, I haue acquainted you 8
With the deare loue I beare to faire *Anne Page*,
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection,
(So farre forth, as her selfe might be her choofer,)
Euen to my wish. I haue a letter from her, 12
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter,
That neither (singly) can be manifested
Without the shew of both: fat *Falstaffe* 16
Hath a great Scene: the image of the iest
Ile shew you here at large. Harke, good mine *Host*!
To night, at *Hernes-Oke*, iust 'twixt twelue and one,
Must my sweet *Nan* present the *Faerie-Queene*: 20
(The purpose why, is here :) in which disguise

[IV. vi.] *Enter Host and Fenton.*

Host. *Speake* not to me, *sir*! My mind is heauie! I *haue had a great losse*!

Fen. Yet heare me; and, (as I am a gentleman,) 3, 4
4 Ile giue you a hundred pound *toward* your losse.

Host. *Well, sir*, Ile heare you; and at least keep your counsell.

Fen. *Then, thus, my host: 'Tis not unknown* to you,
The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*, 9
8 And mutually her loue againe to mee:

But yet her father, *still* against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*, 23, 25

And, in a robe of white *this night* disguised, 35, 21

12 (*Wherein* fat *Falstaffe* had a *mightie scare*,) 16

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

(VVhile other Iests are something ranke on foote,)
 Her father hath commanded her to flip
 Away with *Slender*, and with him, at *Eaton*, 24
 Immediately to Marry: She hath confented.
 Now, Sir,
 Her Mother, (euen¹ strong against that match,
 And firme for Doctor *Caius*,) hath appointed 28
 That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
 (While other sports are tasking of their mindes,)
 And at the Deanry, where a Priest attends,
 Strait marry her: to this her Mothers plot, 32
 She (seemingly obedient) likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor. Now, thus it rests:
 Her Father meanes she shall be all in white;
 And in that habit, when *Slender* sees his time 36
 To take her by the hand, and bid her goe,
 She shall goe with him: her Mother hath intended
 The better to denote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be mask'd, and vizarded,) 40
 That, quaint in greene, she shall be loose en-roab'd,
 With Ribonds-pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
 And when the Doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand; and, on that token, 44
 The maid hath giuen consent to go with him.
Host. Which meanes she to deceiue? Father, or Mother?
Fen. Both, (my good Host,) to go along with me!
 And heere it rests; that you'l procure the Vicar 48
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelue, and one;
 And, in the lawfull name of marrying,

¹ *euen* is 'equally.'

39. *denote*] deuote F (turnd n).

Must Slender take her, and carrie her to Catlen, 24, 37
And there, vknowne to any, marrie her.
 Now, Sir, her Mother (*still* against that match, 27
 16 And firme for Doctor Caius,) in a robe of red 28
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence, 43
 And she hath giuen consent to goe with him. 45
Host. Now,
 20 Which means she to deceiue, father or mother? 46
Fen. Both, my good Host, to go along with me! 47
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
 And tarrie readie at the appointment place,

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

To giue our hearts vnited ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your deuice! Ile to the Vicar! 52
Bring you the Maid; you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound to thee;
Besides, Ile make a present recompence. [*Exeunt.* 55

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

FALSTAFFES Chamber in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTOFFE, QUICKLY, (and after, FORD as BROOKE.)

Fal. Pre'thee, no more prating! go! Ile hold! (this is the third time: I hope good lucke lies in odde numbers.) Away, go! (They say 'there is Diuinity in odde Numbers,' either in natiuity, chance, or death.) Away! 4

Qui. Ile prouide you a chaine; and Ile do what I can to get you a paire of hornes.

Fall. Away, I say! Time weares. Hold vp your head, & mince! [*Exit QUICKLY.* 8

Enter FORD as BROOKE.

¶ How now, *Maſter Brooke*? *Maſter Brooke*, the matter will be knowne to night, or neuer. Bee you in the Parke about midnight, at *Hernes-Oake*, and you shall see wonders. 11

5. *Qui.*] *Qui.* F.

24 To giue our harts vnited *matrimonie*. 51

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them?

Fen. That, hath sweet Nan and I agreed vpon. And by a robe of white, the which she weares, with ribones pendant flaring bout [42
28 her head, I shall be sure to know her, and conuey her thence, and bring her where the priest abides our comming; and (by thy furtherance) there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice! Ile to the Vicar! 52

32 Bring you the maide; you shall not lacke a Priest. 53

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee:

Besides, Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend. [*Exeunt*¹ omnes. 55

[V. i.] *Enter sir John with a Bucks head vpon him.*

Fal. This is the third time. Well, Ile venter! They say there is good luck in odd² numbers. [*Turn to p. 100.*]

¹ Exit Q.

² old Q.

[IV. vi. 51-55; V. i. 1-11.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday,¹ (Sir,) as you told me you had appointed? 13

Fal. I went to her, (Master Brooke,) as you see, like a poore old-man; but I came from her, (Master Brooke,) like a poore old-woman. That same knaue *Ford*, (hir husband,) hath the finest mad diuell of iealousie in him, (Master [17 Brooke,) that euer gouern'd Frensie. I will tell you: he beate me greuously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of Man, (Master Brooke,) I feare not *Goliath* with a Weauers beame; because I know also, life is a Shuttle. [21 I am in haft; go along with mee! Ile tell you all, (Master Brooke!) Since I pluckt Geese, plaide Trewant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow mee! Ile tell you strange things of this knaue *Ford*, on [25 whom to night I will be reuenged; and I will deliuer his wife into your hand. Follow! Strange things in hand, (Master Brooke!) Follow! [Exeunt. 28

Actus Quintus. Scena Secunda.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER.

Page. Come, come! wee'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, till we see the light of our Fairies. ¶ Remember, son *Slender*, my—

Slen. I, forfooth! I haue spoke with her, & we haue a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry 'Mum'; she cries 'Budget', and by that we know one another. 6

Shal. That's good too: But what needes either your 'Mum', or her 'Budget'? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath strooke ten a'clocke. 9

Page. The night is darke; Light and Spirits will become it wel. Heauen prosper our sport! No man means euill but the deuill; and we shal know him by his hornes. Lets away! follow me! [Exeunt. 13

¹ Read 'this morning', to avoid the confusion of time in the Play.
—P. A. Daniel.

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Actus Quintus. Scena Tertia.

A Path leading to 'the Little Parke.'

Enter Miſtris PAGE, Miſtris FORD, CAIUS.

Miſt. Page. Maſter Doctor, my daughter is in green : when you ſee your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the Deanerie, and diſpatch it quickly ! go before into the Parke ! ¶ We two muſt go together. 4

Caſ. I know vat I haue to do. Adieu !

Miſt. Page. Fare you well, Sir ! [*Exit CAIUS.*] ¶ My husband will not reioyce ſo much at the abuſe of *Falſtaffe*, as he will chafe at the Doctors marrying my daughter. But 'tis no matter ! Better a little chiding, then a great deale of heart-breake ! 10

Miſt. Ford. Where is *Nan* now ? and her troop of Fairies ? and the *Welch-deuill Hugh* ? 12

Miſt. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by *Hernes Oake*, with obſcur'd Lights ; which, at the very inſtant of *Falſtaffes* and our meeting, they will at once diſplay to the night. 16

Miſt. Ford. That cannot chooſe but amaze him.

Miſt. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd. If he be amaz'd, he will euery way be mock'd.

Miſt. Ford. Wee'll betray him finely ! 20

Miſt. Page. Againſt ſuch Lewdſters, and their lechery, Thoſe that betray them, do no treachery. 22

Miſt. Ford. The houre drawes on. To the Oake, to the Oake ! [*Exeunt.*]

12. *Hugh*] Capell. Herne F.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Actus Quintus. Scena Quarta.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter EUANS and Fairies.

Euans. Trib, trib, Fairies! Come, and remember your parts! Be pold, (I pray you!) follow me into the pit; and when I giue the watch-'ords, do as I pid you. Come, come! Trib, trib! [*Exeunt.* 4

Actus Quintus. Scena Quinta.

'The Little Parke.'

Enter FALSTAFFE, with a Bucks head vpon him, as HERNE the Hunter. (Then, later, Mistris PAGE, Mistris FORD; then EUANS, ANNE PAGE & her brother WILLIAM,¹ Fairies, PAGE, FORD, QUICKLY; lastly, SLENDER, FENTON, CAIUS, PISTOLL.)*

Fal. The *Windsor*-bell hath stroke twelue; the Minute drawes on. Now the hot-bloodied-Gods affist me! Remember, *Ioue*, thou was't a Bull for thy *Europa*; *Loue* fet on thy hornes. (O powerfull *Loue*, that in some respects [4 makes a Beast a Man; in som other, a Man a beast.) You were also, (*Iupiter*), a Swan, for the loue of *Leda*. (O omnipotent *Loue*! how nere the God drew to the complexion of a Goofe!) A fault done first in the forme of a [8 beast. (O *Ioue*! a beastly fault.) And then another fault, in the semblance of a Fowle. Thinke on't, (*Ioue*!) a fowle fault! When Gods haue hot backes, what shall poore men do? For me, I am heere a *Windsor* Stagge, and the [12 fattest (I thinke,) i'th Forreist. Send me a coole rut-time, (*Ioue*!) or who can blame me to pisse my Tallow? ¶ Who comes heere? my Doe?

* *with a Bucks . . . him*] Q, p. 97.

¹ See IV. iv. 47, p. 87; p. 75.

[V. v. *From* p. 97.] *Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull; and*

4 *I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest in all Windsor forrest. Well, I stand here for Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.*

V. iv. 1-4; v. 1-15.]

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

* Enter Mistris FORD and Mistris PAGE.

Mist. Ford. Sir Iohn! Art thou there, my Deere? My male-Deere? 17

Fal. My Doe, with the blacke Scut! Let the skie raine Potatoes! let it thunder, to the tune of 'Greene-sleeues'! haile kissing Comfits, and snow Eringoes! Let there come a tempest of prouocation, I will shelter mee heere. 21

[Embraces her.]

Mist. Ford. Mistris Page is come with me, (sweet hart!) 22

Fal. Diuide me like a ¹brib'd-Bucke, each a Haunch! I will keepe my sides to my selfe, my shoulders for the fellow of this walke; and my hornes, I bequeath your husbands. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speake I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a child of conscience; he makes [27 restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome!

[There is a noise of Hornes.†

Mist. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mist. Ford. Heauen forgieue our finnes!

Fal. What should this be?

Mist. Ford & Mist. Page. Away, away! 32

[The two Women run away.‡

Fal. I thinke the diuell wil not haue me damn'd, least the

<p>*15. Enter . . . Page] Q, trans- posing Ford and Page. ¹ Cut-up. Cp. Fr. <i>Bribe</i>: f. A peece, lumpe, or cantill of bread</p>	<p>giuen vnto a begger.'—Cotgrave. †28. There . . . hornes] Q. ‡32. The two . . .] Q.</p>
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Enter mistris Page, and mistris Ford.

Mis. Pa. Sir Iohn, where are you? 16

Fal. Art thou come, my doe? ¶ What! and thou too? ¶ Wel-
8 come, Ladies!

Mi. For. I, I, sir Iohn, I see you will not faile; therefore you deserue far better then our loues; but it grieues me for your late crosses.

12 Fal. This makes amends for an!
Come, diuide me betweene you, each a hanch! 23

For my horns, Ile bequeath them to your husbands.

Do I speake like Horne the hunter? ha!

[There is a noise of hornes.

16 Mis. Pa. God forgieue me! What noise is this? 30, 29

[The two women run away.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

oyle that's in me should fet hell on fire; he would neuer elfe
croffe me thus. 35

¹ Enter Fairies with Tapers: Mistresse QUICKLY as Queene;
ANNE PAGE as a Fairy in white; her brother WILLIAM
as Cricket, another as BEDE, with Elues, Ouphes &
Urchins; PISTOLL as Crier Hob-Goblyn, Sir HUGH
EUANS like a Satyre; 'all mask'd and vizarded' [IV. vi.
40, p. 96].

Qui. [Anne] Fairies, blacke, gray, greene, and white,
You Moone-shine reuellers, and shades of night, 37

You Orphan heires of fix'd destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality! 39

¶ Crier Hob-goblyn, make the Fairy Oyes!
Pist. Elues, list your names! Silence, you aery toyes! 41

¶ Cricket, to Windfor-chimnies shalt thou leape!
Where fires thou find'st vnra'k'd, and hearths vnswept,

There pinch the Maids as blew as Bill-berry!
Our radiant Queene, hates Sluts and Sluttery. 45

(Fal. They are Fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
Ile winke, and couch: No man their workes must eie.) 47

[Lies down.]

Eu. Wher's Bede? ¶ Go you, and where you find a maid

¹ See Q, below.

36. Que.] Qui. F. Quic. Q.

Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, Mistresse
Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they sing a song about him,
and afterward speake.

Quic. You Fayries, that do haunt these shady groues, 36
Looke round about the wood, if you can there¹ espie

19 A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,

21 And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew! 44

¶ Giue them their charge, Puck, ere they part² away.

Sir. Hu. Come hither, Peane! Go to the countrie houses,

25 And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe, 43
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,

With your long nail's, pinch her till she crie, 53

27 And sweare to mend her slutfish huswiferie.

Fai. I warrant you, I will performe your will!

Hu. Where is Pead? ¶ Go you, & see where Brokers sleep, 48, 52

¹ there Q om.

² part Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

That, ere she sleepe, has thrice her prayērs said,	49
Raife vp the Organs of her fantasie,	
Sleepe she as found as carelesse infancie.	51
But thofe as sleepe, and thinke not on their fūns,	
Pinch them, armes, legs, backes, shoulders, fides, & fhins.	53
Qu. About, about!	
¶ Search <i>Windfor Castle</i> , (Elues,) within, and out!	55
¶ Strew good lucke, (Ouphes,) on euery sacred roome,	
That it may stand till the perpetuall doome,	57
In fstate as wholsome, as in fstate 'tis fit,	
Worthby the Owner, and the Owner it.	59
The feuerall Chaires of Order, looke you fcowre	
With iuyce of Balme; and euery precious flowre	61
Each faire Infalment, Coate, and feu'rall Crest,	
With loyall Blazon, euermore be blest!	63
¶ And (Nightly-meadow-Fairies,) looke you fing	
Like to the <i>Garters-Compasse</i> , in a ring!	65
Th'exprefsure that it beares, Greene let it be,	
More fertile-fresh then all the Field to fee;	67
And, <i>Hony Soit Qui Mal-y-Pense</i> , write	
In Emrold-tuffes, Flowres purple, blew, and white;	69
Like Saphire-pearle, and rich embroderie,	
Buckled below faire Knight-hoods bending knee:	
Fairies vse Flowres for their charâcterie.	72
Away, difperfe! But till 'tis one a clocke,	
Our Dance of Custome, round about the Oke	74
Of <i>Herne</i> the Hunter, let vs not forget!	
Euan. Pray you, lock hand in hand! your felues in order fet!	
And twenty glow-wormes fhall our Lanthornes bee,	
To guide our Meafure round about the Tree.	78

67. *More*] Mote F.

68. *Pense*] Pence F.

	<i>And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase;</i>	
	<i>Goe laie the Proctors in the street,</i>	
32	<i>And pinch the lousie Seriants face!</i>	53
	<i>Spare none of these, when they are a bed,</i>	
34	<i>But such whose nose looks plew and red!</i>	52
	<i>Quic. Away, begon! His mind fulfill!</i>	73
36	<i>And looke that none of you stand still.</i>	64
	<i>Some do that thing, some do this;</i>	
38	<i>All do something, none amis!</i>	

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

But stay! I smell a man of middle earth!	
(<i>Fal.</i> Heuens defend me from that <i>Welsh</i> Fairy, leaft he transforme me to a peece of Cheefe!) 81	
<i>Pift.</i> Vilde worrne! thou waft ore-look'd, euen in thy birth!	
<i>Qui.</i> With Triall-fire touch me his finger-end!	
If he be chafte, the flame will backe descend, 84	
And turne him to no paine; but if he start,	
It is the flefh of a corrupted hart. 86	
<i>Pift.</i> A triall, come!	
<i>Eua.</i> Come! will this wood take fire?	
[<i>They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*</i>]	
<i>Fal.</i> Oh, oh, oh!	
<i>Qui.</i> Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire! 89	
¶ About him, (<i>Fairies</i> ;) fing a scornfull rime;	
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time! 91	

*87. *They put . . .* Q.

¹ <i>Sir Hu.</i> I smell a man of middle earth!	79
(<i>Fal.</i> God blesse me from that <i>Wealch</i> Fairie!) 80	
<i>Quic.</i> Looke every one about this round,	
42 And if that any here be found,—	
For his presumption in this place,	
44 Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face! [see 53, p. 103]	
<i>Sir Hu.</i> See! I haue spied one by good luck:	
46 His bodie man, his head a buck.	
(<i>Fal.</i> God send me good fortune now! and I care not.)	
<i>Quic.</i> Go strait, and do as I commaund,	
49 And take a Taper in your hand,	
And set it to his fingers endes; 83	
51 And if you see it him offends,	
And that he starteth at the flame, 84	
53 Then is he mortall; know his name!	
If with an F. it doth begin,	
55 Why then, be shure, he is full of sin.	
About it then, and know the truth,	
57 Of this same metamorphised youth!	
<i>Sir Hu.</i> Giue me the Tapers! I will try	
59 And if that he loue venery.	
[<i>They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.</i>]	
<i>Sir Hu.</i> It is right indeed! He is full of lecheries and iniquitie.	
<i>Quic.</i> A little distant from him stand,	
62 And every one take hand in hand; 76	
And compasse him within a ring; 65	
64 First pinch him well; and after, sing. 91	

* *Hir Q.*

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The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

[* Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a Fairy in Greene. And SLENDER another way: he takes a Fairy in White. And FENTON steales Misteris ANNE, being in White.]

The Song.

Fie on sinnefull phantasie! Fie on Lust, and Luxurie! 92
Lust is but a bloody fire, kindled with vnchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher. 95
Pinch him, (Fairies,) mutually! Pinch him for his villanie!
Pinch him, and burne him, and turne him about,
Till Candles, & Star-light, & Moone-shine be out! 98

[* A noyse of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies runne away. FALSTAFFE pulles off his bucks head, and rises vp. And enter Master PAGE, Master FORD, and their Wiues, Master SHALLOW, & Sir Hugh EUANS.*]

Page. [to FAL.] Nay, do not flye! I thinke we haue watcht you now.

VWill none but Herne the Hunter serue your turne?

Mist. Page. [to Mi. Fo.] I pray you, come; hold vp the iest no higher!

¶ Now, (good Sir Iohn,) how like you Windsor wiues? 102

*91-92, 98-99 Q. See below.

[Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal. 'Horne the hunter,' quoth you? am I a ghost? Sblood! the Fairies hath made a ghost of me! What! hunting at this time at night? Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his
68 father's Deare. ¶ How now, who haue we here? What, is all Windsor stirring? [To Mist. FORD & Mist. PAGE] Are you there?
Shal. God saue you, sir Iohn Falstaffe! 123
Sir Hu. God plesse you, sir Iohn! God plesse you!
72 Pa. Why, how now, sir Iohn? What? a pair of horns in your hand?

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

¶ See you theſe, husband? [*Points to FAL.'s hornes*] Do not theſe faire yoakes

Become the Forreſt better then the Towne?

Ford. Now, Sir! whoſe a 'Cuckold' now? *Maſter Brooke*, *Falſtaffes* a Knaue, a Cuckoldly knaue! Heere are his 'hornes,' *Maſter Brooke*! And, *Maſter Brooke*, he [107 hath 'enjoyed' nothing of *Fords*, but his Buck-basket, his cudgell, and twenty pounds of money, which muſt be paid to *Maſter Brooke*: his hornes are arreſted for it, *Maſter Brooke*!

Miſt. Ford. Sir *Iohn*, we haue had ill lucke! wee could neuer meete! I will neuer take you for my Loue againe, but I will alwayes count you my 'Deere.' 113

Fal. I do begin to perceiue that I am made an Aſſe. 114

Ford. I, and an Oxe too: both the proofes are extant.

Fal. And theſe are not Fairies! I was three or foure times in the thought they were not Fairies; and yet the guiltineſſe of my minde, the ſodaine ſurprize of my powers, drone [118 the groſſeneſſe of the fopperry into a receiud beleeſe, (in deſpight of the teeth of all rime and reaſon,) that they were Fairies. See now, how wit may be made a *lacke-a-Lent*, when 'tis vpon ill imployment! 122

Ford. *Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my head;* 107
And Maſter Brooke and he ſhould be the men.

76 ¶ *Why,*
How now, ſir Iohn, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies, man, that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

80 *And whats to come, ſir Iohn; that can we tell.*

Mi. Pa. *Sir Iohn, tis thus; your uile¹ diſhoneſt meanes* 139, p. 107
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to do our beſt,

84 *To turne your leaud luſt to a merry Teſt.*

Fal. 'Teſt!' *Tis well!* *Haue I liued to theſe yeares to* [136
be gulled now, now to be ridden? Why then, theſe were not [116
Fairies? 117

88 *Miſ. Pa.* *No, ſir Iohn, but boyes.*

Fal. *By the Lord* *I was twice or thrice in the mind they were*
not; and yet the groſneſſe of the fopperie perſwaded me they were.
(Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this, thayle ſo whip me
92 *with their keene Teſts, that thayle melt me out like tallow, drop by*
drop out of my greaſe.) [IV. v. 84-9, p. 93] ¶ 'Boyes'!

¹ vile not in Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windsor.

Euans. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*! serue Got, and leaue your desires! and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. VVell said, Fairy *Hugh*!

Euans. And leaue you your iealonozies too, I pray you! 126

Ford. I will neuer mistrust my wife againe, till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Haue I laid my braine in the Sun, and dri'de it, that it wants matter to preuent so grosse ore-reaching as this? [130
Am I ridden with a *Welch* Goate too? Shal I haue a Cox-combe of Frize? Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheefe.

Eu. 'Seefe' is not good to giue putter; your belly is al putter. 135

Fal. 'Seefe', and 'Putter'! Haue I liu'd to stand at the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the Realme!

Mist. Page. Why, Sir *Iohn*! do you thinke (though wee would haue thrust vertue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and haue giuen our selues without scruple to hell,) that euer the deuill could haue made you our delight? 142

Ford. What! a hodge-pudding! A bag of flax!

Mist. Page. A puffed man!

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intollerable entrailles!

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as *Sathan*! 146

Page. And as poore as *Iob*!

Ford. And as wicked as his wife!

Euan. And giuen to Fornications, and to Tauernes, and Sacke, and Wine, and Metheglins, and to drinkings and fwearings, and starings, Pribles and prables! 151

Fal. Well, I am your Theame! you haue the start of me; I am deiected! I am not able to answer the *Welch*

123. *Euans*] Euan F.

Sir Hu. I. trust me; 'boyes,' Sir *Iohn*! and I was also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you. 124

96 *Fal. I.* tis well! I am your *May-pole*; you haue the start of mee! Am I ridden too with a wealch goate? with a peece of toasted cheese? 131

Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese, sir *Iohn*. You are all 100 butter, butter! 133

For. There is a further matter yet, sir *Iohn*. There's 20. pound 134-5

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Flannell! Ignorance it selfe is a plummet ore me: vfe me as you will! 155

Ford. Marry, Sir, wee'l bring you to *Windfor*, to one *Maister Brooke*, that you haue cozon'd of money, to whom you should haue bin a Pander. Ouer and aboue that you haue suffer'd, I thinke, to repay that money will be a biting affliction. 160

Page. Yet be cheerefull, Knight! Thou shalt eat a posset to night at my house, wher I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, *Maister Slender* hath married her daughter. 164

Mist. Page. Doctors doubt that! If *Anne Page* be my daughter, she is (by this,) Doctour *Caius* wife. 166

Enter SLENDER.*

Slén. Whoa hoe, hoe! Father *Page*! 167

Page. Sonne! How now? How now, Sonne? Haué you dispatch'd? 169

Slén. 'Dispatch'd'! Ile make the best in *Glostershire* know on't! Would I were hang'd, la; else!

*166. Enter *Slender*] Q.

you borrowed of *Maister Brooke*, *Sir Iohn*, and it must be paid [109 to *Maister Ford*, *Sir Iohn*! 159-60

104 Mi. For. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends! Forgiue that sum! and so wee'll all be friends!

For. Well, here is my hand, all's forgiven at last!

Fal. It hath cost me well: I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter the Doctor.

108 Mi. Pa. Now, *Maister Doctor*! 'sonne,' I hope you are. 190

Doct. 'Sonne'! begar, you be de ville woman! Begar, I tinck [192 to marry *Metres An*; and, begar, tis a whorson garson, lack boy!

Mis. Pa. How? a 'boy'?

112 Doct. I, begar, a boy! 195

Pa. Nay, be not angry, wife! Ile tell thee true: 188

It was my plot to e'en deceiue thee so;

And by this time, your daughter's married 166, 164

116 To *Master Slender*; and see where he comes! 163

Enter *Slender*.

¶ Now, sonne *Slender*, where's your bride? 168

Slén. 'Bride'! by Gods lyd, I thinke theres neuer a man in [176 the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue! Begod, I could cry 120 for verie anger!

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Page. Of what, sonne? 172

Slen. I came yonder, at *Eaton*, to marry Miftris *Anne* [173
Page; and she's a great lubberly boy! If it had not bene
i'th Church, I would haue fwing'd him, or hee should haue
fwing'd me. If I did not thinke it had bene *Anne* [176
Page, would I might neuer stirre! and 'tis a Post-masters
Boy!

Page. Vpon my life then, you tooke the wrong! 179

Slen. What neede you tell me that? I think so, when I
tooke a Boy for a Girle. If I had bene married to him, (for
all he was in womans apparrell,) I would not haue had him.

Page. Why this is your owne folly. Did not I tell you
how you should know my daughter, by her garments? 184

Slen. I went to her in *white*, and cried 'Mum', and the
cride 'budget', as *Anne* and I had appointed; and yet it was
not *Anne*, but a Post-masters boy! 187

Mist. Page. Good *George*, be not angry! I knew of your
purpose: turn'd my daughter into *greene*, and indeede she is
now with the Doctor at the Deanrie, and there married. 190

* Enter the Doctor (*CAIUS*.)

Cai. Ver is Miftris *Page*? ¶ By gar, I am cozoned! I ha
married oon *Garfoon*! a boy! oon pefant, by gar! A boy!
it is not *An Page*! by gar, I am cozened!

Mist. Page. VVhy? did you take her in *greene*? 194

Cai. I, bee gar! and 'tis a boy! Be gar, Ile raise all
Windfor! [Exit.

Ford. This is strange! Who hath got the right *Anne*?

Page. My heart misgiues me! Here comes *Master Fenton*.

185. *white*] Pope. *greene* F. 189, 194. *greene*] Pope. *white* F.

*190-91. Enter . . .] Q.

Pa. Why, whats the matter, sonne *Slender*? 172

Slen. 'Sonne'! nay, by God, I am none of your 'son'!

Pa. No? why so?

124 Slen. Why, so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue married!

Pa. How! 'a boy'? why, did you mistake the word? 168, 183

Slen. No, neither; for I came to her in *red* (as you bad me,) and
I cried 'mum,' and hee cried 'budget,' so well as euer you [185

128 heard; and I haue married him! 181

Sir Hu. Ieshu, Maister *Slender*! cannot you see but marrie boyes?

Pa. O, I am vext at hart! what shal I do?

The Merry Wiues of Windſor.

Enter FENTON and ANNE.*

- ¶ How now, Maſter Fenton ? 199
Anne. Pardon, good Father ! ¶ Good my Mother, pardon !
Page. Now, Miſtris ! How chance you went not with
Maſter Slender ? 202
Miſt. Page. Why went you not with *Maſter Doctōr*, maid ?
Fen. You do amaze her : heare the truth of it !
 You would haue married her moſt ſhamefully,
 Where there was no proportion held in loue. 206
 The truth is, ſhe and I (long ſince contracted,)
 Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolue vs.
 Th'offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed ;
 And this deceit looſes the name of craft, 210
 Of diſobedience, or vnduteous title,
 Since therein ſhe doth euitate and ſhun
 A thouſand irreligious curſed houres,
 Which forc'd marriage would haue brought vpon her. 214
Ford. Stand not amaz'd ! here is no remedie !
 In Loue, the heauens themſelues do guide the ſtate ;
 Money buyes Lands, and wiues are ſold by fate. 217
Fal. I am glad, though you haue tane a ſpecial ſtand to
 ſtrike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd. 219

*198. Enter . . .] Q.

Enter Fenton and Anne.

- Mis. Pa.* Here comes the man that hath deceiu'd vs all : 198
 ¶ How now, daughter ! where haue you bin ? 199, 201
 133 *An.* At Church,¹ forſooth.
Pa. 'At Church' ! what haue you done there ?
Fen. Married to me. Nay, ſir, neuer ſtorme !
Tis done, ſir, now ; and cannot be vndone. 221
 137 *Ford.* Ifaith, *Maſter Page*, neuer chaſe your ſelfe !
She hath made her choiſe whereas her hart was fixt ;
Then, tis in vaine, for you to ſtorme or fret.
 140 *Fal.* I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced. 218, 219
Mi. For. Come, miſtris *Page*, Ile be bold with you :
 142 'Tis pittie to part loue that is ſo true ! 216
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue miſſed in my intent,
 Yet I am glad my husbands match was croſſed.
 ¶ Here, *Maſter Fenton* ! take her ! and God giue thee ioy ! 220
 146 *Sir Hu.* Come, *Maſter Page*, you muſt needs agree !

¹ Church Q.

The Merry Wiues of Windfor.

Page. Well! what remedy? ¶ *Fenton!* 'Heauen giue thee ioy!' What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd. 221

Fal. When night-dogges run, all sorts of 'Deere' are chac'd.

Mist. Page. Well, I will mule no further! ¶ *Master Fenton,* Heauen giue you many, many merry dayes!

¶ *Good husband,* let vs euery one go home, 225

And laugh this sport ore by a Countrie fire;

¶ *Sir Iohn* ¶ and all!

Ford.

Let it be so! ¶ *Sir Iohn,*

To 'Master Brooke' you yet shall hold your word,

For he, to night, 'shall lye with Mistris Ford.' [*Exeunt.* 229

Fo. I yfaith, sir, come! you see your wife is wel pleased:

Pa. I cannot tel; and yet my hart's well eased;

And yet it doth me good, the Doctor missed.

150 ¶ *Come hither, Fenton!* ¶ and, *come hither, daughter!*

Go to! you might haue staid for my good will;

But since your choise is made of one you loue,

153 ¶ *Here, take her, Fenton!* & both *happie proue!*

Sir Hu. I wil also dance, & eat plums, at your weddings.

Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,

156 And laugh at *Slender,* and the *Doctors* ieast. 226

He hath got the maiden, ¶ each of you a boy 197

158 *To waite vpon you, so 'God giue you ioy!'* 220-1, 224

¶ *And, sir Iohn Falstaffe, now shal you keep your word,* 227-8

160 For 'Brooke' this night 'shall lye with mistris Ford.' 229

[*Exit omnes.*

NOTES.

- I. i. 76. 'Out-run on Cotsall.' An allusion to the annual games held on the Cotswold Hills; this passage has been wrongly stated to be a proof that the play was written after the accession of James I, when they are said to have been founded by Robert Dover. There is abundant evidence to show, however, that they were only *revived* by Dover after a temporary discontinuance.
- I. i. 135. 'two Edward Shouelboards,' *i. e.* two of the broad shillings of Edward VI (cp. Quarto reading), which were constantly used for the popular diversion of shovel-board or shove-groat. Gifford quotes from Taylor's *Travels of Twelve-pence*—
- 'For why with me the vnthrifths euery day,
With my face downwards do at shoue-board play.'
- Taylor notes—'Edw. shillings for the most part are vsed at shooue-board.'
- I. i. 151. Scarlet and John were two associates of Robin Hood. The reference is to Bardolph's redness of face, a subject which forms an opportunity for several of Falstaff's sallies in *Henry IV*, Part I and Part II.
- I. i. 156. 'Conclusions past the Car-eires.' This passage has been variously interpreted. It may be suggested that Car-eires simply means 'courses,' the whole meaning 'matters passed over their courses,' or 'the result was as might have been expected.' Cp. Dekker, *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, chap. vii.—'These rank-riders sildome goe under sixe or seaven in a company, and these Careeres they fetch.'
- I. i. 266. Sackerson was the name of a famous bear exhibited in Paris Garden; it seems that these animals were often called after their keepers. In the forty-third epigram of Sir John Davies occur the lines—
- 'And rightly, too, on him this filth doth fall
Which for such filthy sports his bookes forsakes
Leauing old Ployden, Dyer, Brooke alone
To see old Harry Hunkes and Sacarson.'
- I. iv. 21. 'Cain-coloured.' Beards were frequently described by comparing them to the customary colours of the beards of various well-known characters exhibited in tapestry. Thus Cain was represented with a sandy-coloured, and Judas with a red, beard. Middleton refers to 'a goodly long thick Abram-coloured beard'

Notes.

- in *Blurt, Master Constable*, and the same epithet is found in *Soliman and Perseda*.
- II. i. 196. 'In these times you stand on distance,' etc. Referring to the ridiculous technicalities which had been introduced in works professing to expound the theory of the duel, such as *Vincentio Saviola his Practise*. The same book is satirically alluded to in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Various academies, too, were set up, and the 'correct' method of duelling taught. Some of the most amusing scenes in Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* have these foibles as their butt.
- II. ii. 16. 'Your manor of Pict-hatch.' Pict-hatch was situated in Clerkenwell, and was famous for the houses of low repute that abounded there. In the prologue to T. M.'s *Black Book*, *Lucifer* states that he will bequeath legacies
- 'To copper-captains and Pict-hatch commanders,
To all infectious catch-polls through the town.'
- III. i. 15. 'To shallow rivers.' Sir Hugh quotes somewhat inaccurately from Marlowe's *Passionate Shepherd to his Love* ('Come, live with me and be my love'), first printed in the *Passionate Pilgrim* as Shakespeare's, but assigned to Marlowe in *England's Helicon*. The correct version is—
- 'By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies.'
- III. iii. 13. Datchet Mead was an open meadow in Shakespeare's time, instead of being divided into small fields as it was a hundred years later. This and other interesting details with regard to the topography of the play may be found in Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor*, which contains a copy of Norden's map of the locality originally published in 1607.
- III. iii. 23. Jack-a-lent appears to have been a puppet set up during Lent for boys to throw stones at. Cp. the *City Gallant*—'If a boy that is throwing at his Jack-a-lent, chance to hit me on the shins, why, I say nothing but Tu quoque,' etc.
- III. iii. 62. 'Like Bucklers-berry in simple time.' Bucklersbury was chiefly inhabited by medicine-vendors and spicers. In Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside* Allwit complains that had his wife not been checked in her excessive consumption of sweetmeat all his estate would have been buried in Bucklersbury.
- III. v. 23. 'Good morrow.' There is a confusion of time here. This scene appears to take place early in the morning about eight o'clock, yet Mrs. Quickly was sent to Falstaff immediately after his dispatch in the buck-basket at about eleven in the morning. Obviously a day must be supposed to elapse.

Notes.

- IV. v. 62. 'Like three Doctor Faustuses.' Alluding of course to Marlowe's famous play in which a horse-courser receives a drenching when he attempts to cross a river, contrary to Faustus' injunctions, on his newly-purchased steed, which disappears from under him by magic as soon as the water is entered.
- V. i. 20-21. 'I fear not . . . shuttle.' Two passages of the Old Testament are alluded to here—'The staff of Goliath was like a weaver's beam' (2 Sam. xxi. 19), 'My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle' (Job vii. 6).
- V. v. 56. 'Strew good luck, oupbes,' etc. The same duty is prescribed by Oberon to the fairies who visit the palace of Theseus at the close of *Midsummer Night's Dream*—

'Euery Fairy take his gate
And each seuerall chamber blesse
Through this palace with sweete peace !
And the owner of it blest
Euer shall in safety rest.'

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